Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1838. VOL. VIII. No. 14.

Amusements for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, May 19—MISS WELLS' BENEFIT. LA BAYADERE: Zoloe, Miss Wells—OLD TIMES IN VIRGINIA: Hiram Dodge, Mr. Hill—MIDAS—and THE TWO QUEENS.

MONDAY, May 21—Mr. RICHINGS' BENEFIT. LUCILLA—THE DEW DROP—and HIGH, LOW, JACK AND THE GAME.

TUESDAY, May 22—Mr. HILL'S BENEFIT, and last appearance prior to his departure for Europe. Second Act of THE KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE—one Act of CASPER HAWSER—and selections from THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY—OLD TIMES IN VIRGINIA—and SPECULATION.

WEDNESDAY, May 23—First night of Madame Caradori Allan's engagement, and first night of Mr. Morley's appearance at this theatre. THE BARBER OF SEVILLE—and THE QUAKER.

THURSDAY, May 24—Various entertainments.

FRIDAY, May 25—Second night of Madame Caradori Alllan's engagement. LA SONNAMBULA—and THE BENGAL TIGER.

Boxes $1, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 7—Performances to commence at 7½.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. W. JONES.—In speaking last week of the very successful representative of "Mr. Pickwick" at the Chesnut-street Theatre, we alluded to him as "a Mr. W. Jones," it never occurring to us that it could be that fine old gentleman of the olden time, who for 20 or 30 years has contributed so much to the enjoyment of Philadelphia play-goers, and the respectability and character of his profession. We are not aware that Mr. Jones ever saw the paragraph alluded to, wherein the single letter "*a*" may have caused him annoyance; and trust he has not, for although we are perfect strangers, we entertain for him the highest respect. By the bye, we see no reason why an initial should be prefixed to *his* name; to be sure there are several Jones-es in the profession, but there is but one *Mr. Jones*, as there is but one Mr. FORREST, or MRS. WOOD.

"Seebright" has sent us a "Fox Chase" in his happiest style, that will find a place immediately. What has become of "the Runner?" Has he stopped yet?

"A Member of the Hunting Park Club" in our next; "An Old Breeder" ditto, and many thanks to him for his article.

Our Washington Correspondent's letter came too late for to-day's paper; we need not say we shall be glad to hear from him as frequently as his leisure will permit.

E. T.'s letter from Ky., is before us; he shall hear from us through the Mail, as soon as we can give him the desired information.

Communications not noticed above are in type, and will appear in our next. We have squeezed in as many as possible to-day.

Things Theatrical.

Park Theatre.—On Monday last was brought out at this house Mr. Bulwer's new drama of *The Lady of Lyons*, and the performance was repeated on Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday. Its success has been marked, and the play will long retain possession of the stage. The principal characters have been sustained by Mrs. Richardson and Mr. Forrest. *Claude Melnotte* in the hands of the latter engrosses all the interest of the audience, though Mrs. R. does entire justice to *Pauline Deschapelles*. She plays as she was wont in those, her golden days, when as Mrs Chapman, the whole town crowded to see her in *Julia* and *Perseus*. Mr. Forrest selected the play for his benefit last evening; thus indicating the play-house sense of its success. Mrs. Wheatley and Placide were alike excellent in their conception of the parts of Madame Deschapelles and Col. Damas. We have not room to say a word more upon the subject.

Mrs. Sharpe's benefit on Thursday evening was not so good as she deserved, good as it was. The three preceding evenings had been too attractive.

To-night Mr. Wells ventures upon the experiment of a benefit for himself and his children, and his pretty daughter attempts the part of Zoloe in *La Bayadere*. That she will succeed we have no doubt; that the house may be filled is our sincere wish.

On Monday Mr. Richings takes a benefit, and as his personal popularity is probably greater than that of any actor on our boards, it will be a bumper.

For Tuesday Mr. Hill's benefit is announced, and this closes our enumeration of the benefits "to come" at the Park the ensuing week, so far as we are at present informed. And with the expression of our extreme regret that Madame Lecomte has not yet sufficiently recovered from the effects of her fall to resume her business, we turn to the other house.

National Theatre.—Mr. Hackett and Mr. Wallack have been the twin stars of the past week at the corner of Church and Leonard streets, and the houses have been fair each night, as we are pleased to learn. Mr. Hackett's name is up for a benefit this evening, and if a capital bill may be expected to draw, the house will be crowded. The admirers of Mrs. Sharpe will have one additional opportunity of greeting her in a favourite character (Kate O'Brien), previous to her departure for Philadelphia.

The great event of the approaching week is the benefit of the very worthy manager of this Theatre on Tuesday evening next. The claims which he has upon New Yorkers for a brilliant and well filled house, are set down, and not too warmly, in the following card. Every one must turn out upon the occasion, to evince decidedly the estimation in which Mr. Wallack is held as a man, and to encourage him as a Manager to liberality in the arrangements he is about to make in England for the coming season.

A CARD.

MR. JAMES W. WALLACK, Lessee and Manager of the National Theatre, being about to leave for England to make new engagements for the approaching season, announces his intention of taking a benefit prior to his departure. The subscribers, as a testimony of respect for his zeal and enterprize in bringing out a company of great merit; in conducting his establishment in a manner calculated to give character, respectability and efficiency to the Drama, as well as out of personal regard for a gentleman who, during many years' sojourn in this country, has secured the approbation and respect of all—his friends will attend his farewell benefit on the evening of Tuesday, the 22d instant, and respectfully recommend him to the liberal patronage of their friends and the public in general.

Philip Hone,	Luke Lincoln,	J. Fairlee,
John Duer,	Hamilton Wilkes,	Amos Palmer,
George P. Morris,	E. W. Hoskins.	A. Stevens ,
Daniel E. Tylee,	George L. Pride,	Joseph Hoxie,
Charles Aug. Davis,	Edward Pearsall,	G. H. Coster,
W. Coster,	Prosper M. Wetmore,	Charles Delaforest,
M. Livingston,	Robert Berney,	James Foster,
John C. Henderson,	F. L. Waddell,	Dudley Selden,
M. M. Noah,	E. Sargent,	William T. Porter,
Charles W. Sandford,	O. M. Lownds,	Samuel Bradhurst,
Daniel B. Tallmadge,	Wm. P. Halkett,	Dr. A. G. Smith.
James I. Jones,		

The New York Spirit of the Times, speaking of Miss Missouri, says:—"It is perfectly outrageous that the professional prospects of so promising a young lady should have been ruined by bringing her out, and then forcing her nightly to appear in a paltry melo dramatic part of such questionable character as *Alice Darvil*."

We think so too. She is pretty and smart, and if judiciously schooled—advanced gradually and carefully—her ripened genius would secure to her the highest honors of her profession; but to force her forward as a "star," while she is a mere novice, will have a tendency to prevent that study and care which alone can gain for her the eminence her lauduable ambition aspires too. She played *Julia* last night in a manner which evinced much talent, and which excited general approbation. Time and a *good preceptor* will enable her to reach the highest round.

Boston Morning Post.

Some thieving wretch robbed Mrs. Slater, (of the Baltimore and Washington Theatres) of a trunk, at the Railroad Depot, Washington, a few days since, containing all her theatrical drosses, and her own and children's clothing.

LETTER FROM "THE GIRLS UP-TOWN!"

Dear Mr. Editor—What old "Tag" was that who wrote you that our letters were vulgar! Marry come up! Our writings may not have as much grammar in them as some, but as for being vulgar, that's all "Elizabeth Martin." To be sure we stopped sending you letters for a time, for we hated to be called vulgar, any way; but finally we made up our minds that you were the best judge about us and our writings, and that, in spite of all *consated* old prudes with their blarney about their virtue and all that, we would set ourselves down and give you an old-fashioned letter, and you might do with it what you pleased. As 'tis more than likely that you will print our letter, what can we do but try to write as well as we can, tho' it makes us blush scarlet all over when we see the printing of our letter and hear father ask in his rough way, "who the devil can these Up-Town Girls be, that keep writing for this paper?"

Since that man who used to write you from *Liverpool* has left off, we don't hear much that is going on among the Johnny Bullers, in the slander way. He was a curious critter to pick up talk and find out the secrets of every body. Do you suppose the Nobles and great folks tell him all their things! We have heard a little spice of scandal at home this winter, but I suppose we should be called vulgar again if we should mention it, so we wont; but those that stick themselves up to be mighty genteel and high-bred, with their foreign airs, had better not be doing what we Up-Town girls musn't mention to you in our familiar way. It makes a great talk among knowing ones, and let us tell you the young folks talk the matter over pretty smartly, and make some pretty shrewd guesses. It aint exactly the subject for school Misses, we suspect, but we have heard some of them give duced fair reasons, and toss their heads very knowingly about the matter.

After all, the theatres keep up pretty well this Spring. They have had a pretty hard winter though. 'Twas a great loss to have MASON leave the Park; you know how well we liked him, and to think how suddenly he left. Good gracious! we were at the Park the very night he was married, and there we saw *John* looking just as ever, and as tho' nothing was about to happen; and, presto! he waked up the next morning a married man. We knew some good luck would happen to him when his artery was tied up last year—so there has, you see. It took him!

Wasn't we delighted at the National the other night. Now isn't "MISS MISSOURI" the thing to a turn? How do you find out all about folks who are going to appear; and another thing, why didn't you tell us about her before? We know the reason before you tell it: you wanted to be off with the old love before you got on with the new. But you may depend on't, MISS CLIFTON, your old favorite, wont thank you for saying such fine things about the new favorite, and will make your hair fly when she comes home. All the beaux in this part of the town are dying for admiration, and do nothing but talk about the new star. She is so lovely, and beautiful, and smart, that we don't blame them, and you'd better take care, or you'll get your heart into a fix where it wont stay put. You cant stand every thing, and such a pair of eyes and such winning ways are dangerous to older bachelors than you. We know one up here that says he never slept a wink the night he first saw her. So look out, old one, or you are a gone sucker.

It's mighty odd, but some ladies look terribly wise when we say we've been to the National, as tho' there was something a little ticklish brewing there. To be sure, there's a wonderful "getting up stairs" between the acts; but Bill says they only go up to take a little lemonade with a drop in it. What has become of that beautiful saloon where we used to promenade in the old opera days! We dare say now, it's been fitted up for you gentlemen to talk over your racing matters in—your runners—your trotters—your colts—your fillies—your matches and your sweepstakes, and all such arrangements. Oh, by the way, now—we are right glad to hear that the gentlemen in town, with you editors, are a going to get up a real tip top benefit for WALLACK. If you do now, it will be the best thing you have done this winter. Isn't he the dearest fellow on the stage? Nobody can act like him, and we wonder he does not act all the time. We could never tire of seeing him, and everybody says the same thing. Pray go your death on him, and take seats for us; come when it may, we shall be on hand. Such actors as he do not grow on every bush, and he has not made too much money, we fear, this winter, and for this reason he should receive that reward which such everlasting perseverance so richly merits.

Oh! what fine dancing we have had this winter. First, that dear creature, AUGUSTA, then LE COMPTE—and isn't she a dasher, and no mistake!—then the *petite* AUGUSTA, light as a fairy, and then that smart little girl, Miss WELLS.—Shouldn't you like to see them all together!—"they'd make a team," as Bill says. Though, to be honest, don't you think they throw their heels a *leetle* too high for decency now and then? Them fellows in the Pit think we girls don't understand why they are crowding in there every night; but we can tell them we think them but little better than *old Mackie*, the "modern astronomer."

Who is that droll man PETE WHETSTONE, that writes you from the West? how he does go it when he gets on his hobby. He takes off the queer fish in "them diggins" to a hair. We have a good mind to try our hand and show up some folks in these parts just to return the compliment. We could tell some things we have seen this winter that would take the starch out of your frills, but we must not just now, for fear some prim old body will be saying we are not the genteel thing, and all that.

Take care of yourself, and be sure you come up on Sunday and come home from church with us. We've got a crow to pick with you, so you'd better not fail.

And now we bid you adieu,

THE GIRLS UP-TOWN.

SHARP SHOOTING.—[From a correspondent.]—A young gentleman of rural habits was driving a three-cattle team along the highway, in mud some half-leg deep. To be a little particular, his turn-out consisted of an ox-cart, two oxen abreast, and a very sharp-backed, droop-rumped, long-tailed, pacing-horse, as leader. The garniture of the team embraced a halter, open collar, and a pair of iron trace-chains. Well, Sir, as this young gentleman waded along by the side of his team, he was met by another gentleman on horseback, who remarked to him in passing, "heavy goin', neighbor, and rather sloppy too." Receiving no answer to this polite, and sympathetic salutation, the stranger knight gave his nag a taste of steel, and thereupon incontinently vanished; leaving our teamster in a study of the very darkest brown. It seems that the remark of the traveller had taken him by surprise, and he forthwith commenced meditating a proper, and pungent response. In the course of ten or fifteen minutes, he arranged the thing to his entire satisfaction; whereupon he stopped his team—dropped the traces—mounted his pacer, gad in hand, and put after the traveller as if the devil sent him. After a hard ride of two miles—his hat left behind—his horse and himself covered with mud, he overtook the chase—rode up smack along side, and shouted at the top of his voice, "same to yourself." This done, he about ship, and returned leisurely to his business, thoroughly convinced that he had "gin the fellow as good as he sent."

Salmagundi.

A female husband has been discovered at Manchester, and the examination of the wife afforded some curious information. She declared that "she only found out the sex of her partner *by accident* three years ago." The parties had been married seventeen years, and thus she had been in a happy state of ignorance just fourteen out of that number. It is the first time, however, we have heard that married people find out the sex of each other by accident.

Lucky Escape for a Flock of Wild Fowl.—A farmer who resides about four miles from Barnstable espied a flock of wild fowl when shooting over Braunton Marsh on Saturday last, and levelled his gun to bring them down, as he fully anticipated would be his good fortune. To his great disappointment, however, he found, when about to pull the trigger, that his *gun* was *minus a barrel*, which it appears had by some means got disentangled from the stock, unperceived by the *sportsman!* After retracing his steps considerably more than three weary miles, in dejection and dismay, he recovered his lost barrel, but returned without his *game*.

Woolmer's Exeter paper.

The Cahawba Democrat of the 21st April, says—"There was a severe frost on Thursday morning. The cotton crop on the editor's plantation on Wednesday, looked as promising as could be desired. On Thursday morning, however, it appeared to be taken with a '*yellowness*' consequent upon a severe frost. We fear that many of our neighbours are in a no more enviable situation."

"*The editor's plantation!*"—How queer this sounds to a poor devil of an editor at the East. If we could only say the editor's farm—or the editor's potato patch—or the editor's house—cabin—hut—shanty—anything with a roof to it—it would be a consolation,—but we can't, and the only real estate we own in the world has been hid from our view by a girl who has been spreading a towel over it to bleach.

Boston Morning Post.

An Anagram Maker.—Any person who will spend his time in making anagrams ought to be made to work a garden all summer, with a buffalo robe tied over his shoulders. This would bring something out of him if it wasn't wit.

Boston Morning Post.

From the following, it would seem that the ladies of St. Patrick's Church are not insensible to the merits of Miss DeBar, or have not failed to appreciate her services. At a moment like the present such kindness carries a balm with it.

CARD.—MISS DEBAR returns her acknowledgements to the Ladies of Saint Patrick's Church, for their generous present. Their kind attention has alleviated the cruel oppression she has experienced from Mr. Caldwell in retaining every cent of her benefit.

[The "cruel oppression" referred to consisted in Mr. Caldwell's charging $500 as usual for the expenses of his theatre on the night of Miss D.'s benefit. The receipts amounted to but a few cents over that sum, we understand.—*Ed. Spirit of the Times.*]

Lord St. Vincent never liked to hear of an officer getting married in war time. He would say, when any one asked permission to go home to England for a short period, "Sir, you want to go on shore and get married, and then you won't be worth your salt."

An Invitation.—Say, nigga, cum and hab de pleasure ob a dinin wis your mos humble serpent, won't you, heh!"

"Wy, look here, Sam—I'se not particularly in my sosiashuns—but I wish to know fus before I vail mysef ob your perlite imptimashun, whar you hab your lodjins."

"No difference, nigger, whar I lodge. I don't ax you to sleep wid me—but only to eat dinner in a greeable sociumbility."

Balfe's Italian opera, founded on the Merry Wives of Windsor, is in preparation at her Majesty's Theatre, and will be brought out, we understand, in the course of next month. The title of the piece is "Falstaff," the title of Shakspeare's play being found untranslatable. The fat knight is to be personated by Lablache; Mr. and Mrs. Ford by Tamburini and Grisi; Ann Page, we believe, by Albertazzi; and her lover, Master Fenton, by Rubini. The principal scenes are the adventures of the buck-basket; Falstaff's escape in the disguise of the old woman of Brentford, and his encounter with the fairies at Herne's oak, Windsor Forest. The Italian dramatist, Signor Meggione (who is known in the literary world by his excellent translation of Bulwer's Rienzi), has in these scenes entered very happily into the spirit of Shakspeare; and the music, from some portions of it which we have had an opportunity of hearing, promises to be the *chef d'œuvre* of the composer.

Sunday Times.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Tuesday the orchestra of this theatre presented their leader, Mr. William Penson, with a testimony of their approbation and respect, in the form of two pieces of silver plate, an elegant salver and cup, each bearing an appropriate inscription.

Ib.

ROYAL MARYLEBONE THEATRE.—Mrs. Jackson (the wife of the proprietor of the Hunting School) appeared here during the past week as the "actress of all work." She played with great spirit. Her Mademoiselle Josephine was perfect: indeed, on and off the stage Mrs. Jackson is the best French woman we have the pleasure of knowing.

At the OLYMPIC a novelty bearing the title of *The Drama's Levee* is announced as the concluding entertainment. In this piece the drama, legitimate and illegitimate, will be duly personated by Mrs. Orger, C. Mathews, and J. Vining.

The STRAND commences the season with the old favourite *Sam Weller*, with alterations and improvements, forming a new edition of that celebrated personage. A new burletta entitled *The Fitzpatricks*, is one of the novelties of the night.

ASTLEY'S opens with a spectacle called *The Passage of the Deserts, or the French in Egypt*, a subject obviously calculated to elicit the equestrian resources of that establishment.

THEATRE ROYAL, NORWICH.—During the present week, Mr J. S. Balls, of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, has been fulfilling an engagement of six nights on these boards. Various characters belonging to the walk of light comedy and farce have been supported by him with equal buoyancy and breadth of natural humor, evincing a fund of genuine drollery never overtaxed, but always tempered with correct judgment and good taste.

Norwich Chronicle, April 7.

The grand opera of Guido et Genevie, now performing at the Academie Royale, will not be brought out at either of the patent theatres, in consequence of the unpleasant character of the incidents of the piece—the plague at Florence.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam makes her first appearance in London since her return from Dublin at the Haymarket next week. Her success was so great in the Irish capital that her engagement was three times renewed.

Macready does not renew his management of Covent Garden theatre after the close of the present season.

Sheridan Knowles will produce a new play at the Haymarket early in the season. The first novelty at that theatre will be a two-act farce by Buckstone, who has also a *petite* three act comedy accepted.

Bad Candles.—Wewitzer, a gentleman who was universally distinguished for the amenity of his manners, and the richness of his wit, going one day to order some candles, told the tallow-chandler, that he hoped they would be better than the last he had from him. "I beg pardon, Sir," said the man, "I thought the last I sent you were remarkably good: what was their fault?" "Why, they all burnt very well down to the middle; but after that none of them would burn *any longer*."

A gentleman, not very courageous, was once so far engaged in an affair of honor as to be drawn to Hyde Park to fight a duel; but just as he came to the Porter's Lodge, an empty hearse came by, on which his antagonist, who was a droll officer, well known, called out to the driver—Stop here, my good fellow, a few minutes, and I'll send you a fare. This operated so strongly on the gentleman's nerves that he begged the officer's pardon, and returned home with a whole skin.

A lad having got into the parlor with some of the neighbor's children and kicked up a dust among the rich furniture, his father gave hin a whipping, and then asked him how he relished his playing.

"I like the play very well," said he, "but the *afterpiece* is intolerable."

At the ADELPHI a new *drama* by Mrs. S. C. Hall, called *The Groves of Blarney*, adapted for the display of the abilities of Power, is to be produced. Denvil,

whose whereabout we have lost sight sight of lately, also appears in the drama, which will have every aid that a strong cast can afford.

The Tories are again resorting to the charge that the Queen's education has been neglected, and that still every information is conveyed to her through the medium of flattery. An old writer, who was no flatterer, tells us that the only skill royalty can possibly attain is in horsemanship, as a horse will as soon throw a royal personage as a private individual. Her Majesty is considered an excellent rider; and if the old writer is true in his conclusions, her Majesty's horse is the only being about her that is no flatterer.

Alderman Cowan and my Lady Cowan are much grieved that they have no son and heir to the baronetcy; and their friend Sir Claudius has been in deep conclave with them on the subject. Sir Claudius can boast that he will have a successor, and of course he is not a little proud that his name and honours will go down to posterity. Addressing Cowan the other night on the subject, he could not restrain his rapture,and added, "But besides having sons, I have three daughters, and *they are all girls*, Sir John."

When a poor man's wife runs away from him, he is, of course, excluded from the privilege of taking unto himself another. That is procured by money alone, and very clearly evinces that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. An unfortunate fellow was tried the other day, for venturing on bigamy, and gave a dismal tale of the conduct of the first wife. He observed that she said to him on the marriage day, "Now, Tommy, don't make a fool of me; and I didn't, my lord, I assure you—yet she left me a week after." The confession of Tommy ought certainly to have excited the sympathy of the jury.

The dignity of Mons. Thiers must excite the envy of all Editors. He has returned to his old occupation of political writing, and it is stated that he receives fifty pounds a week for a single article!

We saw, the other day, a letter, in which the writer says, speaking of Dr. Elliotson's mesmerian experiments at the new London Hospital, and in which many well-deserved compliments were paid to the perseverance, talents, and acquirements of the learned doctor (we borrow the precise language of the writer)—"Dr. Elliotson is going to perform again on Thursday, at three o'clock, on the three young girls—a very curious experiment, for each is to have hold of the other's hand, so that the magnetic influence will pass from one to the other, and all will be affected at the same moment of time. The magnetic energy of the worthy doctor can increase or diminish at pleasure. His 'performances' on the three females, at once prove, I think, a great treat." We think so too! Satirist.

Lady Dudley Stuart is said, at the urgent request of her liege lord, to be practising the *shawl* dance. Better that, Lady Tankerville says, than not dance at all. Poulett Thomson gives it as his opinion that the Countess dances best without a shawl!

The "eccentric" Earl has, by his present of a silver dinner-service to a certain frail actress, afforded a very apt illustration of these words of Shakspeare—"Plate sin with gold."

Blandford being ill, his physician bade him leave off wine. "How did you manage?" asked Tim. "As I generally manage in such cases," rejoined the Marquis, "I took to brandy-and-water."

"I'm in time to day, John," observed Tim Curtis, as he presented himself to the porter in Park-lane. "Just, Sir," rejoined the man, "for her Grace has but this moment given orders to say she is not at home." "Well, but to me?" faltered out Tim. "To you in particular," replied the man. Tim left his card, notwithstanding, as usual.

Miss L. E. L. is to be shortly married, but not to her old admirer Jerdan. Their friendship was purely Platonic; a mere "union of souls," nothing further. Many bets on her dying a spinster will be lost in consequence. It was generally believed that she was too sentimental to endure downright matrimony.

Her Majesty contemplates the coronation with all the delight of a youthful mind. Her royal wit has suggested many smart sayings on the occasion, one of the best of which is, that when she is crowned she will be equal to five-and-twenty shillings—*a crown being added to a sovereign.*

The theatrical preparations for doing honour to the festivities of Easter have been on an extensive and enterprising scale. The Haymarket, which has been beautified, and will, we hope, be better lighted than has been hitherto the case, opens with *The Love Chase*, with some important changes from the cast of last season. *Constance* will be personated by Miss Elphinstone, in the place of Mrs. Nisbett; *Master Waller* by Mr. E. Glover, from the Norwich company, instead of Elton, and *Lydia* by Miss Cooper, *from the New York theatre*, a most desirable change, we doubt not, for Miss Vandenhoff. Mrs. Glover retains the part which no one else could fill so worthily, and Webster sticks to his former character, in default of somebody better—no very difficult discovery it might be imagined. *St. Mary's Eve*, one of Bernard's dramas, will be played as the second piece. Celeste is also engaged.

Three novelties are to be produced at the St. James's to-morrow. Two new burlettas, called *My Album* and *The Brothers*, and a mythological piece entitled *Hero and Leander*. Braham also appears in *The Waterman*. Mrs. Honey performs in the first-named burletta.

A Child Killed by a Game Cock.—At Nancy a boy seven years old, a few days ago, having committed some fault, was confined by his schoolmaster in an out-house, where a game cock had taken up his abode. The pugnacious bird was so enraged at the intrusion that he attacked the poor child, and wounded him so severely that he died in twenty-four hours, partly from the effect of the injuries he had received, but chiefly from the fright he had undergone.

The Festivities of Easter.—The sources of amusement for the happy family of John Bull to-morrow, April 16, and Tuesday are, as usual, multifarious, for in addition to the attractions of all the theatres, including Drury Lane, Covent-Garden, the Haymarket, the Adelphi, the Olympic, St. James's, Astley's, the Strand, the Victoria, the Pavilion, Sadler's Wells, the Garrick, and the Marylebone Theatres, we have various day and night exhibitions, embracing the National Gallery, the Gallery of Science in the Lowther Arcade, the Colosseum and Diorama in Regent's Park, the two Zoological Gardens, various tea-gardens, with their concerts, Greenwich Fair, and last, but not least, in the consideration of our Cockney sportsmen, the Epping Hunt, for which due preparations have been made, and no doubt all the Nimrods within sound of Bow Bell will turn out in a manner becoming their acknowledged merits, and high claims to sporting superiority.

The Meltonians.—Mr. Peake's humorous, but as he calls it, "illegitimate" drama, under this title, will be brought out at Drury Lane to-morrow night, (April 16,) for the amusement of the holiday folks. The whole of the scenes at Melton Mowbray, in which the Marquis of Waterford and his *bon vivant* companions were engaged are to be introduced, with sundry *tableaux* and local characteristics connected with the vagaries and sports of the Melton wags. Mr. Anderson, who met with a serious accident while rehearsing a leap which fell to his share, has quite recovered, and is to sustain the part of *Crash*, a prominent hero in the piece. He will have to take "a turnpike gate" on horseback, and perform other feats attributed to the Noble Marquis, who laid the foundation for the piece. The language of the drama is full of point and drollery, and the songs, hunting and others, mostly parodies, are extremely amusing. Anderson is peculiarly calculated to give life and energy to his part, and is quite "at Home" with his subject.

At the close of the St. James's Theatre on Saturday week, the company presented to Mr. Harley a most flattering testimonial of their sense of his gentlemanly deportment and kindness of disposition while presiding as stage manager of that establishme[illegible]

A gentle[illegible] fallen into the river Exe, relating the accident, said, "You will suppo[illegible] was pretty wet." "Yes," said his friend, "wet, certainly, in the *Exe-stream.*"

Two gentlemen, took a boat at Blackfriar's Bridge, to go the tower. One of them asked the other, who sat beside him, if he could tell what countryman the waterman was. He replied he could not. "Then," said the friend, "I can; he is a *Ro-man.*" A cockney being told the above, said the pun was *wherry* good.

Unparalleled Sucking.—A man in Ohio, for a wager of one shilling, sucked sixty-eight eggs in ten minutes, the other day. The next thing we shall hear of him probably will be that he is, as they say in the West, "a gone sucker."

Boston Transcript.

A paragraph stating this is headed "hard to *beat.*" If the man were *well beaten*, he would be made a custard of.

"The *Camels* are Coming!" The Grand Menagerie of Angevine & Co., is coming this way, to make the tour of the Eastern States during the summer.

Boston Transcript.

Cheerful Old Age.—The Dowager Countess of Cork and Orrery—one of the gayest women in London, and famous for giving most excellent dinners—is *only* ninety-two years of age!

The Hon. Mrs. Norton, in one of her late effusions, informs us that "the rape of the Sabine women laid the foundation of the glory of Rome." This statement has immensely startled many of her acquaintances; and we have heard that Lady Jersey, who feels so much for the glory of England, is deeply considering how such a proceeding would operate at the present crisis. The question is one of great delicacy we admit, but we may safely recommend her ladyship, if she requires any information, to Lord Coventry, who will communicate to her his success at Portsmouth.

On the last night that "the great tragedian" misrepresented *Coriolanus*, Talfourd went to the theatre, and ventured to ask Shakspeare's hero how he felt. "I don't feel at all myself to-night," murmured the other. Peake, who chanced to be standing near, overheard the reply, and whispered to a friend near him, "I think we ought to congratulate the fellow; for I suspect that he will be the gainer by by being somebody else." It was well that the observation did not reach the sensitive organs of the manager.

MAKING AN OFFER.

Making an offer, or, as it is vulgarly termed, "popping the question," is one of the most embarrassing affairs in the world to a novice: like almost everything else, however, it may be reduced to the rules of an art, and by those who once master the theory, practised with perfect facility. Our grandfathers, to be sure, made a great fuss about the matter; and it often puzzles one to think how the Sir Charles Grandisons and Lord Mortimers managed to get up such tremendous scenes with their lady loves. Just fancy a man of the present day in the act of pouring out his heart on one knee during a morning call, or being disturbed by a servant entering with the coal-scuttle, bringing him up all standing, and petrifying his half-uttered heroics in the midst, like the notes that were frozen suddenly in Munchausen's bugle. The catastrophe is dreadful to think of; and yet it is just as bad in the evening, whether at home or the ball-room. In the first locality what in the world can one do in the way of getting up a scene in the presence of the whole family? And as to the second, one is now so crowded, squeezed, and pushed about in a ball-room, that a sentimental conversation is out of the question. You might, to be sure, have a chance for a *tête-à-tête* now and then in a corner, and if you do occasionally snatch a moment's "sweet converse" by laying in wait between the folding doors, the whole matter is marred by the music being stationed in the same place. If you whisper to Eliza in "Love's own tone," Weippart and his coadjutors will drown your words, and if you raise your voice a key or two higher, you pitch it right into the ear of her sister Alice, or some other spinster, who has stationed herself exactly against that pillar to catch every syllable you don't mean her to hear. It is manifestly absurd, therefore, to attempt giving either the flourish and *éclat* to an offer with which our ancestors ushered it into the world, or even the air of demi-romance and drawing-room sentiment that our papas preserved in their *affaires de cœur*. The thing must be managed in a careless, matter-of-course way, with a little adroitness, but still with the coolness and unconcern of other business operations.

The golden rule of elegant life is *not to bore*. But to bore a woman with attentions, and above all, to bore her with an offer—to throw your offer into such a shape as to excite her concern for you, or give her one moment's serious annoyance, is an outrage which, if exposed, would make you lose *caste* for ever. There are no instances on record, however, of such things having occurred, whether from the *sang-froid* of lovers, or the *cœur-froid* of lovees, we are unable to say; but as there may be a few of the former in society whom passion might hurry into extravagance, and one or two of the latter, whose hearts would for five minutes be ruffled thereby, it is well that in all cases the most guarded conduct should be observed, and the question should therefore be administered with the same consideration for the possible existence of feeling as you allow for the ascertained existence of a palate when drenching children with medicine. To this end, as you conceal the dose in sweetmeats, so you should wrap your offer in some expression that may be swallowed at a mouthful. One gulp, then, and all is over; there may be a wry face or two, on your own side, possibly, after the draught, as if you had swallowed it yourself, but neither party must coquet with the cup before it is placed to the lips. The simplest syrup makes the best vehicle for the unpalatable drug in the one case, and the most trivial incident most aptly introduces and hurries over the awful moment in the other; and, to sum up the matter in one word, the *offer direct* must never be attempted, if there be any way of making the *offer by implication*. In our next we shall show how this may be managed.

London Court Journal, 14th April.

TABLEAUX FROM SPORTING LIFE.

BY CRAVEN.

SKETCH THE SECOND.—NEWMARKET.

In one of Lord Bolingbroke's letters to Swift, there is a passage to this effect: "In comedy the best actor plays the part of the droll, whilst some scrub rogue is made the hero or fine gentleman: so, in this farce of life, wise men pass their time in mirth, while fools only are serious." This reads somewhat strangely from the pen of the metaphysical St. John, nevertheless is it a philosophy which, professed in moderation, best enables us to win our way through the parts of that wayward drama, wherein all are "merely players." Experience gives wisdom, and hence we may trace the austerity of a former age softening into gloom in its successor, and, by degrees, growing "beautifully less" up to the present generation, in which, Momus make us thankful, it is no longer essential that we be "melancholy and gentlemanlike." Avowing myself a disciple of the cheerful school of social philosophy, I fear that, in the last division of this paper, I may have laid me open to the charge of backsliding. To such as regard the colours as too sombre for the purpose of these sketches, I appeal in the phrase quoted by Scott, when he felt it necessary to deprecate "my public" for similar offending—"If at any time I seem more than usually dull, *be sure that I have a design in it.*"

The scene of my present sketch, although one whereupon the leading events of sporting, during the last two centuries, have been enacted, has been doomed to annals as fugitive as the matter of them. Men are eloquent of the former glories of the Turf, and mourn its degeneracy: but ask them of the olden renown, and how unprofitable do you find the instances adduced—question them of the conventional degeneracy, and how is it established? It is opposed to all rule to conceive that any such decay has been effected. While every department of our social economy exhibits a constant progress towards perfection, are we to suppose that the great popular sport has been suffered to stand still or retrograde? Leaving all hearsay out of consideration, or rather attaching just such value to it as we have ordinarily found it entitled to, let us take a brief retrospect of the Turf during a period within the compass of general experience. I think I shall have little difficulty in showing that in that space it has much improved, as well as that much still remains to be done. To this end I will start with an event which just comes within the limit of my personal knowledge, and is of sufficient importance to form an era in the history of our Racing.

In the Craven Meeting, 1811, three horses belonging to Lord Foley, and one to Sir Frank Standish, were poisoned at the troughs at which they were watered, upon the heath, after their morning's gallop. The perpetrators of this monstrous piece of villany were two scoundrels of the names of Dawson and Bishop, the former of whom was hanged, and the latter pardoned on turning evidence for the crown. Dawson was a *tout*, a character which I have already explained; and Bishop a degraded outcast, who had once held a commission in the army. The first was the great conspirator, and the other but his miserable tool. From some irregularity in the indictment, Dawson was acquitted upon the charge of having poisoned the horses in the Craven Meeting, but convicted of a former poisoning at the same place in July, 1809, for which he suffered. From the evidence adduced on his trial, it was manifest that for years he had been engaged in making horses safe for many of the great betting races in various parts of the country, as well as at Newmarket. Equally clear was it that he could not have been more than an agent in his nefarious calling, because personally he was not in a condition to benefit by the effects of his crimes. As no one would bet a guinea with him, it could not be supposed that he had a direct interest in any of the events in which he confessed that he was engaged during a poisoning career, extending, as he said, from the physicing of Rubens at Brighton, to the Newmarket joy in 1811 This was all well known at the time, and I merely notice it to refresh the memory of my reader, not to instruct him in a matter of which I believe him uninformed. The malefactor paid the penalty he so richly deserved; and what followed? It was not disguised that he not only acknowledged his guilt, but that he had made a full confession of the names of the parties by whom he was employed—four wealthy well-known characters at that day upon the Turf—some of them still to be seen in every Ring in the kingdom. Why was that confession never made public? It was no secret who was the person to whom it had been entrusted; surely such a confidence would have been "more honoured in the breach than the observance"

By the destruction of his horses in 1811, Lord Foley was a loser to the amount of £40,000, having backed them heavily in numerous P. P. engagements. This last sum was sacrificed to what are termed debts of honour. What a monstrous thing to suppose it possible for honourable men to reconcile it with any principle of conscience or honesty to claim or accept money made available under such circumstances! Utterly opposed as it is to the interests of the legitimate purposes of the Turf, and offering a premium to injure its true patrons, the owners of race-horses, still is it the system of play or pay that continues to regulate almost all our influential races. The fact is, blink it as we may, from first to last racing has ever been more generally adopted as a medium for high play, than as either the instrument of national service or individual amusement. And how works the P. P. principle at the present hour?* The only feature that distinguishes its operation from that exhibited in 1811 is, that it is more skilfully conducted. That which Dawson, in his ignorance, brought about by death, modern science achieves by *hocuss*. I have given examples of the most glaring recent instances in Bessy Bedlam's and Plenipo's cases. Not a season passes without attempts to secure the favourites for the great provincial stakes. The year before last a noble lord, distinguished for his heavy speculations on the Turf, passed the night preceding the race in the stable with a horse that he backed for a large figure for the Derby.

I fear to dwell too much upon this point, but it is one of such paramount interest to all connected with racing, and must be so entire a novelty to the uninitiated in Turf arcana, that I venture to pursue my notice of it yet a little further. The annual amount turned upon our Turf exceeds the revenue of many of the continental states. The parties concerned in this treasure consist of two-thirds who deposit the capital, and one-third that contributes nothing, but must obtain a large dividend to support heavy expenses and stylish establishments. Merely for sake of the argument, let us assume that there are now one hundred men who make racing their profession. Look at their origin, and you find that they were either servants or in still less reputable positions when they commenced as regular professionals. These persons, from a capital of nothing, at the least divide among them one hundred thousand a year! Now here is a large sum that *must* be gained, and *is* realized: under what circumstances of such marked favour as to award the constant assurance of profitable speculation?

The losers, let it be borne in mind, are the owners of race-horses; the winners, the Legs, one-half of whom do not possess a saddle or bridle. It must be manifest that the chances of the game are more easily calculated by those who hold the cards, than by such as merely look on as they are dealt. Neither in talent nor astuteness is the Leg superior to the party opposed to him with the odds all in its favour. A set of uneducated men, whose experience of horses probably commences late in life, have for their antagonists those who to the advantages of cultivated minds, add a practical knowledge of all appertaining to the Course derived from their earliest youth. The owner of the race-horse has his trials to direct his operations in the Ring; he knows what his horse can or cannot do—and, it must be admitted, however reluctantly, he knows what he is intended to attempt, and what to leave altogether unessayed. Without one solitary item to aid or guide his judgment, the mere betting man arrays himself against a party so circumstanced in a contest that, so far as relates to him, must be decisive. He has nothing to retreat upon: once beaten, and without the means of meeting his engagements, his occupation's gone. The pistol (as how many a ghastly instance has proved) is then all that remains to him. "You take his life, when you do take the means whereby he lives."

With the danger thus imminent, grew the necessity of securing the antidote; the lion was soon in possession of his provider—the *tout* became the Leg's Jackall. As the metropolis organizes the bands of accomplished thieves by whom the principle plunder in the provinces is effected, so has Newmarket, I am convinced, furnished the instruments for all the most daring Turf-robberies. The knowledge, the tact, the means necessary to be combined, when a horse is to be made "safe," centre alone in the old experienced Newmarket *tout*—and he is the sole agent that could be employed in such an office without compromising the principle. Ostensibly his business is to provide such information as may enable him to advise how money may be invested in bets to the best advantage. We will suppose him offering such counsel to a Leg. "Will Plenipo win the Leger," asks the bettor, —"they're all as sweet upon him as if it was over?" "A race is never won till a jockey passes the post first, and comes weight out of the scales, master," replies the person interrogated. "I should like to lay out a trifle on the field, what's your notion?" "A faint heart is sure to lose; turn up what may, you can't win unless you try." "Well, I'll do it; mind it's all upon your advice, for you know more than you choose to let out." The last public day at Tattersall's previous to the Doncaster Meeting, arrives, and the *tout* touches his hat to the Leg, who leans in deep study against one of the pillars of the ride. "How's the betting to-day, master?" "Oh! they're backing the chesnut to win at any price they can get; he's as safe, they say, as if the field was boiled; if he does, I'm in for it, for I've put the pot on as full as it will hold against him." "It ain't done yet, master: I see Otterington win with 100 to 1 against him, two lame uns, Theodore and Phosphorus, win Leger and Derby; perhaps they are out this time, wise as they are." "Well, well, I back'd the field, relying upon your judgment, and if it comes right, I'll stand a hundred for the wrinkle." Here without committing himself, the Leg is enabled to offer a premium for insurance against a risk, and the *tout* is put in the only way available of turning a per-centage adequate to the trouble and precarious character of his trial. So much for illustration, and, for the inference, does any one connected with the Turf believe that the Leg is a man of principle and honour, or the *tout* one who obtains his livelihood by fair and reputable means? I ask, is there a member of the sporting world who is not as convinced as of his own existence, that both are unmitigated rascals, living and thriving by worse courses than have thrust less cautious knaves into the cells of Newgate? This is the poison that pollutes the Turf to its core; and that, so long as it is permitted to circulate its corruption, will make abortive every effort to organize for it a healthful system.

Having broached the doctrine, that gentlemen who adopt the Turf as a pursuit, are, in all the legitimate purposes of racing, more than matches for the men who take it up as a gamblng speculation, it is but fair that I give a few examples in support of my theory. I will select from the most respectable of those who were known as large speculators in the Ring, and who, subsequently, became masters of race-horses under circumstances of peculiar promise. Robert Ridsdale, from an humble beginning, succeeded in amassing a fortune which enabled him to form one of the most extensive and perfect Racing establishments in Europe. Murton Stud Farm, surrounded by its picturesque and thriving village, nearly the whole of which was his property, was of his erection, and owed its origin to his winnings in the Ring. For years after he commenced a regular Turfite, that is to say, both racing and breeding for the Turf, his success was far more than average. In 1832 he won the Derby with St. Giles, netting a good £30,000. On that race he is said to have received from the Marquis of Exeter the largest sum ever paid upon a single bet lost upon one race. Still all was of no avail. As one of his nearest connexions said to me at the time, "Bob cannot stand it long, with any run of luck; his stakes and forfeits alone amount to a large annual fortune." This is the error all who take up racing as a profession fall into. They never calculate that when a horse is not winning he is losing, and that even his death does not pay his liabilities. Many of Ridsdale's stock were heavily engaged up to four years old. The proprietor of the Murton Stud, who had won for himself a splendid independence, sacrificed it all to the mistake which regarded it as the means and not the end. After a short career upon the Turf, with such appliances as the advice and assistance of the Scotts, in 1836 he failed, and all was brought to the hammer. At the time of his failure his stud contained upwards of sixty lots of various ages, and combined all the best blood in England.

John Gully, from less than nothing, became indebted to the Ring* for an estate purchased at a hundred and sixty thousand pounds, and a seat in the legislature. This was accomplished by acting as a commission agent for laying out money upon the great stakes in the market, receiving a per centage for the sources of information supposed to be exclusively open to him. He also speculated on his own account, and it was believed with great success. He then kept race-horses, and became a partner of Robert Ridsdale's. Singularly enough he won the Doncaster St. Leger with Margrave, the same year that his partner won the Derby with St. Giles. This latter event broke up their confederacy and friendship together; indeed, broke the head of Ridsdale into the bargain, for there arose a dudgeon out of it, that caused Gully to horsewhip his "ancient ally" in a fox-hunting field. It's too long a story to go into here, the origin of that fracas, but whether it could bear investigation or not, it served neither party. Gully has now abandoned both the race-course and St. Stephen's to pass the remainder of his pilgrimage quietly beneath his vines and fig-trees. His career as a master of race-horses, though not so disastrous as that of his confederate, at one time had a very ominous appearance. He had just resolution enough to declare off before it was too late.

The names of two of Fortune's favourites appear in the calendar as owners of racers, Crockford and Ephraim Bond, but with this difference, that the establishment of the former bears about as much resemblance to that of the latter, as the agricultural pursuits of the cultivator of a pot of mignionette do to his, who holds a thousand acres of tillage in his own hands. He who left the common track of the scaly to become a fisher of men, knows a trick more profitable than horse-coursing. Bond, too, I hear, has taken fright, and intends exchanging the turf for the sod. I merely heard the report a few days ago, and, though I do not answer for the correctness of it, the method of the communication deserves repeating. As I emerged from the archway at Tattersall's my arm was taken by a gallant North Briton well known in the sporting circles, and remarkable for the extraordinary vehemence of tone with which he delivers himself upon all occasions. "They say," begun my companion, in such a voice as one standing upon London Bridge might use to address another on the top of the Monument, "they tell me Ephraim Bond is going to part with his horses and take to game cocks: *by G—, isn't it a poultry change?*"

Among the list of those ruined by keeping horses, and who once lived in opulence through the studs of others, I have in another place named William Chifney. The present position of his brother, the celebrated jockey, I cannot allow to pass without notice, not only in the sincere wish that such may serve him individually as well as a large class interested in a legislative question now before the highest tribunal in the land. Heedless of the warning that the fate of so many old associates presented to him, Samuel Chifney became mixed up with horses; embarrassment followed as matter of course, and finally ruin succeeded. In the prime of life and the meridian of fame, one of the most accomplished riders on the Turf, his misfortune, though sad enough, was far from irretrievable. As a jockey he could command from one to two thousand a year, and with patience and industry he might fairly count upon discharging all his obligations, and laying by a fund for his old age. Is such the case? far from it. The law that gives the creditor a property in the body of his debtor, that Draconian statute which, in the words of Lord Eldon, is "a license to act in a manner more injurious and inhuman than ever was done towards slaves," left him only to choose between beggary and a prison. How is it to be reconciled with reason, that while we call ourselves *the free*—denizens of a soil that, once touched by the foot of the slave, he becomes for ever restored to liberty—whence could have arisen the monstrous anomaly, that in such a land a few "rascal counters" bestowed upon one citizen the right of casting another into a dungeon? That such a reign of terror is now in its latest hour the cry of outraged humanity assures us; that its blot will long sully the annals of our national character is equally certain—may it at least work one good end, and serve the cause of humanity and justice in all future time.

Although the manner of the racing at Newmarket is quite perfection, there is in the matter of it scope for a good deal of improvement—actual need for much change. Foremost of the abuses that have by degrees grown into serious evils, is the practice of running horses in the names of trainers and servants I do not mean to say it is a thing that, under no circumstances, should ever be allowed, but

* At Newmarket all double bets are considered as P.P., but at Tattersall's every engagement made is so regarded, unless a stipulation to the contrary be agreed upon at the time.

*I mean the betting ring; the P.R., however, certainly gave him his first lift.

I do insist that, save for cogent reasons to be communicated, at the time of nomination, to the Stewards, a positive prohibition of it ought, forthwith to be made one of the rules and orders of the Jockey Club. That there are instances of horses having been so named by men of unimpeachable honour there cannot be a doubt; but then pressing and peculiar causes not only should exist, but should be assigned for it. For example, Lord Albemarle, until the end of the last season, ran his horses in the name of his trainer, Mr. William Edwards; but the reason for his having done so admitted of no objection or doubt. His late Majesty was opposed to the name of his Master of the Horse appearing publicly among those of professed members of the Turf. For many years the sporting Carnarvonshire parson, Mr. Nanney, never appeared as the owner of race-horses, though more extensively engaged upon the Turf than any man in the principality of Wales; all his nominations were made in the name of his brother, Sir William Wynne. A cogent cause, if not a reason, in shape of a good church preferment, existed in his case. Perhaps even that came in a questionable shape—but a court of honour is not expected to travel out of its jurisdiction in the code theological. Latterly, however, some cases of this description have excited strong notice and animadversion. In a New York paper* I lately read a paragraph imputing an anonymous nomination (this is *sporting* English), for some time familiar to our calendars, to a confederacy of a very ambiguous character. I allude to it merely to show the universality of a report which in this country has attracted notice every where except in the quarter that would seem the most likely to be cognizant of it. I have ever lifted up my voice against the practice;—I trust we shall hear no more on't.

From the turfite whose candle is under a bushel, the transition is natural enough to such as mark their course with argand burners. First, not only in the magnitude of his establishment, but in a positive enthusiasm for the sport, stands the Earl of Chesterfield. It would put life into a frozen stock-fish to see him at the moment one of his horses is winning a well-contested race. I was near him at Goodwood in 1836 when Hornsea beat Elis and a large field for the Cup, and I shall never forget his rapture. "To think I should win it!" was the ejaculation that his very soul seemed to whisper. I hardly know whom to place next—stay—the master of the Pytchley? Yes! George Payne is next on the list of the "Vivids." For the last half-dozen years this gentleman has kept but few horses, but his zest for racing has by no means been reduced with his stud. Hardly has the Ring formed for traffic on any of the influential races, than you find him in the midst of the turmoil "totus in illo"—anon, he slips away from the circle, and in speed he turns his "bonny black" towards the saddling stables. There a brief but searching glance at the lot about to go fixes his resolve; again the fiery nostrils of his coal-black steed inhale the homeward breeze; with spur and eye he devours the space that separates him from "the money-changers." Arrived, not an instant is lost—the odds are taken or laid—the race is started—run. He loses, for Fortune threw crabs at his birth, and once more he enacts the same losing game with a buoyancy of spirit and a singleness of heart that leaves him nothing to regret, since they place him beyond the malice of fate. The late Sir Mark Wood was strongly affected by the running of his horses, but his emotion was not shown in fervent gesture. He was sitting on his powerful grey hackney just at the entrance of the cords when the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes were being run for in 1834. I had also taken up the same position. Upon this occasion one of the most promising colts of the year was in his stud, and engaged in this stake (the colt by Muley out of Clare, afterwards called Flatterer). As the lot approached, I saw the baronet turn pale and red alternately. The nearer they came, the more striking became his emotion; and, as they flew past him, I prepared to see him swoon. At that instant I heard him thus soliloquising:—"I can't help it; it's all nonsense; I know it, but I *can't* help it. A great fellow like me to shake and shiver in this way, like a miss in her teens,—oh! it's monstrous! But what can I do?—I can't conquer it. As I've a soul to be saved, *I cannot help it*."

While human nature remains as it is; so long as excitement to a certain division of society is a necessary of life; so long will the Turf endure as a popular sport in this country. To that it owes its present existence, whatever might have been its origin. To suppose that it is supported for the purpose of serving the breed of our horses, is as rational as to imagine the patrons of it drink their Claret solely with a view to aid the national exchequer. Do I therefore hold its uses lightly? Far otherwise. As a social re-union it occupies the most distinguished place of all our rural sports. It is one in which all classes may participate; and though at Newmarket things are necessarily somewhat exclusive, like the veil of the Persian prophet, that which is unknown invests with a double interest all that is revealed. That it was my case I well remember. The first race of any consequence I saw, was the Derby of 1811,—Phantom's year. As we were coming off the course, Sir John Shelley passed, and one of our party exclaimed, "There goes Sir John, and a good morning's work he has made of it; he has got nine thousand guineas in his carriage, that he picked up on the downs since luncheon." The impression which this made upon my unsophistication was amazing. The Turf became my El Dorado; and when, in the subsequent year, my *governor* announced his intention of taking me to Newmarket, I was absolutely awe-struck. I don't know what I expected to see—Centaurs or Pegasi; but certainly something a little removed from the common run of zoology. On our way south something deserving repetition in the present year of grace occurred that shall have a paragraph to itself.

As we drew up at the door of the Swan at Lichfield (to the best of my recollection) it was evident that the vicinity was visited by a remarkable sensation. The street was filled with important and eager-looking faces; every window of the hotel and neighboring houses was occupied; clearly an event was on the tapis. Within the archway, which constituted the principal entrance, stood four posters, by no means every-day drudges, ready mounted, waited upon by half a score ostlers, "all in their best." Our arrival, instead of the usual effect produced by such an occurrence at a provincial inn, only begat a hurried request that we would draw out of the way. What all this portended was speedily unravelled. A mighty "sound of coaches," followed by cries of "Here he is," ushered up to the hotel door a chariot drawn by four smoking steeds, and containing a "stout gentleman" in a foraging cap and a *fluster*. Such a rush as then took place to release the comers and to yoke the goers; and then, as Scott sings, there was "mounting and riding"—and vanish the cavalcade. When breath was allowed for inquiry, we learned the cause of this "effect effective." The Marquis of Sligo bound from London to Holyhead, on a mission of gold and glory, was the chief performer in this stirring scene. For a wager of *one thousand guineas* that nobleman had undertaken to pass between those two places in a space of—how much think ye, by Shrewsbury clock?—thirty-five hours, *being rather under eight miles* per hour, stoppages included. Twenty years later, and the duke of Devonshire's posting average, over the London moiety of the same ground, was fourteen *miles* the hour, "or no custom."

My first experience of Newmarket, if not equal to my anticipations, was one of rare promise. Then were some of the "lights of other days" dazzling the heath with their effulgence—the Mellishes, Foleys, Bunburys, Chifneys, Goodissons, and Buckles. I remember being told of the sporting baronet, that he never permitted the use of the whip in riding his horses; "spur if it be a close thing just in the last few strides, but never by any chance flog your horse; it is sure to make him shorten his stride, if not shut up altogether;" such were invariably his orders to a new hand. His doctrine is not held as gospel now-a-days, though I believe punishment is much less common on the Turf than it was. A cut of the whip won the last Doncaster St. Leger—and, sad am I to write it, cold is the hand that achieved that most accomplished victory.† It is a part of the present system of all who write upon the Turf, to deplore the falling off in our racing during the present century, and to get up a Jeremiad when they "remember the days of old." I can bring before me the Craven Meeting of 1812, as well as if it had only terminated yesterday, and in the quality and quantity of sport it can bear no comparison with its recent anniversaries. If the value of the stakes be any criterion, it was infinitely their inferior. I say "if," because I much doubt whether we are justified in coming to any conclusion from such premises. Should we adopt the amount of money run for as the scale by which the condition of the Turf is to be estimated, I fear me Jonathan would be entitled to a place that his brethren in "the old country" would hardly feel disposed to accord to him.

Having alluded to the American Turf, I cannot part with the subject without enlarging a little upon it, because it is one of which almost nothing is known in this country, and also that it possesses points of interest worthy a foreground place in a sketch of this nature. In the New World the Turf is the sporting cynosure, being in fact the only national field sport common to it. Hunting is hardly more than a name—taste does not appear to lean that way; coursing is not followed as with us, "a type of glorious racing;" and, probably because it is open to all, shooting is without its Ross, Sutton, or Hawker. But on the Course they redeem themselves, and have a handsome sporting balance left. In the present spring comes off, over the Long Island *track*, a Sweepstakes of *forty-four thousand dollars!* and at Washington a match for *ten thousand dollars aside!* In November last was run over the Union Course, a race of four mile heats, three-year-olds carrying 7st., and so on up to six-year-olds 9st. 7lb. each.‡ For this there were three heats, the time being as follows:—First heat, 7 min. 44 sec. Second, 7 min. 43½ sec. Third, 7 min. 56½ sec. We may search our racing annals for some time before we match these doings—it is to be trusted the stop-watches were not of Kentucky manufacture. A Yankee anecdote to wind up my tale. I happened to be in Liverpool when Tom Thumb arrived. All the world wanted to see the trotter, and of course I was no exception. Crossing Williamson Square I was accosted by a sporting Boniface, Galway, who at that time kept the York. Pointing to the door of his hotel, he said, "If you desire to see Tom Thumb, now's your chance, for there stands his owner, Mr. Jackson, who tells me he is going down to the stable." My request was made, and at once acceded. "Tom," said Jackson, "is at the racing stables at Aintree (some five miles from Liverpool), shall I drive you over in my buggy?" I declined the offer, saying I had a hack, and would canter on before him. At the end of the stones, Jackson, accompanied by a sixteen stone man, overtook me in a sad rattle-trap, drawn by a little brown gelding in miserable condition, which he drove with reins made of list. Instead of keeping to the high road, I proposed that we should take the lanes, which skirted the shore, for the sake of the shade they afforded, and the sward at the side. These lanes, leading towards Crosby, are just the places for a bit of quick work, whether in saddle or harness. Along them we slipped at a merry pace—the American told good stories; and I was just in the vein for the affair in hand. The hack I rode was a little mare known upon the northern Turf, Melody, by Magistrate or Filho, I think, just out of training—a road-flyer, though an indifferent racer. The necessity of attending to what was said at first prevented my observing that our speed had greatly increased. At length there was no overlooking it—the mare I rode was laid down to it, and letting out all the pace she had. I looked at the rattle-trap gig, the two big insides, the list reins, the meagre brown gelding that trotted in such array beside me at twenty miles an hour—also, I caught the eye of the wily Yankee, who had taken a characteristic way of introducing me to *Tom Thumb!*

We have examined Newmarket in its ornamental bearings; before we put the last touch to our picture, let us see whether the useful finds place in it or otherwise. That it is not deficient in social service I cordially bear witness: nationally, as giving a profitable bias to taste, its advantages are also manifold, but in the matter in which it is generally regarded as a paramount concern, I am satisfied it is utterly without effect. Whatever rural service has been accomplished by breeding for the Turf, its date is not of our day. Lord George Bentinck, as good a practical opinion as can be quoted in support of the case, says that no man in his senses should think of breeding race-horses. There cannot be a question upon it. "Poeta nascitur," so is a first-class racer; each is an exception to his species. Breeding race-horses, and running them, are hobbies for which men must make up their minds to pay. Indeed, so expensive have they been found, that they now form, in many instances, distinct *amateur* pursuits. Mr. Nowel breeds and names by the score for the great stakes, but does dot appear in the Calendar as a master of race-horses; Mr. Thornhill breeds four for one he trains; but it is needless to multiply examples.

I claim for the Turf no more than all must admit that it is entitled to; the first place in the list of England's rural sports. With the utilitarian I cannot plead for it, neither for the fragrance of the violet, nor the song of the sky-lark. Like the medal with its two sides, so has it a fair impression and its reverse. With your leave we beg of you to look on that which is best, and venture to select the light. We would have you see Racing in its best perfection, and the point of 'vantage from which we wished you to view it was Newmarket. We trust its "counterfeit presentment" has pleased; if not familiar with the original, lose no time in forming the acquaintance. We can assure you, spite of all the utilitarians since the Flood, that now and then simply and abstractedly "pleasure is, indeed, a pleasant thing." We opened with St. John's eulogium on its excellence—we close with a spice of Monk Lewis's philosophy to the same effect.

> "Oh! short is life, and pleasure speeds away,
> Soon fades the rose, and raven locks turn gray:
> Then wise are they, who seize the passing hour,
> And, ere the bloom is wither'd, crop the flower."

London (Old) Monthly Magazine, for April, 1838.

* The paper I allude to, is the "New York Spirit of the Times," and a very spirited specimen it is of Transatlantic journalism. I am its editor's debtor for some "handsome articles;" but when he talks of my "rather alarming affair" with the owner of Mango, he moves my mirth. Let him wait a little, and the great teacher, Time, will show him what party *is in the pickle*.

† Samuel Day, Jr., who won last year's Leger on Mango, was killed by a fall from his horse while hunting, a few days before this well-deserved notice of him was written. He was among the first class of public jockies of his age and standing upon the Turf.

‡ I may be wrong in this calculation, which is according to our system of 8st. to the hundredweight—under any circumstances the performance is a wonderful one—indeed, miraculous is a better term for it.

A VISIT TO NEWMARKET.

> "When Spring begins its merry career,
> Oh! how *his* heart grows gay."—Old Song.

There is something particularly welcome and cheering in the name of Spring to all minds: yet no class of people feel its influence in a greater degree, or more gladly hail its coming, than the speculative turfite.

A long and dreary period, in the shape of five winter months, has passed away since he has enjoyed his favorite amusement; and now "his heart grows gay" at the near approach of another racing season. Probably he anticipates a more successful run of fortune than that which attended him during the last year; having formed an acquaintance with two or three of the resident influentials of Newmarket, who have kindly promised to "put him right" on all the principal betting races at the Craven and First and Second Spring Meetings; together with the Derby and Oaks Stakes at Epsom, and the Gold Cup at Ascot Heath. Under such circumstances, it is certainly not to be wondered at that the anxious gentleman welcomes Spring with the most lively joy, having for months inwardly lamented the tardiness of old father time, whose regular movements are, at certain seasons of the year, far too slow for his enterprising character.

The trainers are now all on the *qui vive*; and upon asking a question in any way relating to the horses under their care, a considerable degree of reserve may be easily discovered in their faces. A *pony* bet is now not unfrequently made by the trainers of the fashionable stables, without specifying the names of any of their horses, on the approaching Derby. The jockies at this period begin to prepare for their arduous duties, by taking long walks in the morning, and abstaining from the sundry good things of this life in the evening—a great privation to some I could name, who are by no means friendly to the temperance society. So much has been said and sung latterly of Newmarket and its inhabitants, from the lordly Mr. Ephraim Bond down to the lowly and fascinating Touter Ginger, that it would be tedious, as well as uninteresting to many of my readers, if I attempted to describe the "houses and the men"—I shall therefore content myself with observing, that the former were "touched up" according to annual custom; and that the latter appeared as willing as heretofore to entertain "man and horse," with their usual civility to the one, and their vigilant carefulness of the other.

Before entering the town of Newmarket, I cantered across the heath and was agreeably surprised to find the different courses in such excellent condition, after the severe winter just passed; the reason, however, is entirely owing to the gentleman who has the management of it, who is indefatigable in his endeavors to promote the interest of racing.

Lord Jersey's new trainer, Ransom, has the charge of a stronger lot of horses than his Lordship usually keeps in training. In succeeding so experienced a man as old Mr. Edwards was known to be, and moreover, one who had trained *the blood* (for Lord Jersey sticks to nearly the same blood) for more than twenty years, Ransom had many disadvantages to cope with; and he, by wisely treading in his predecessor's steps, has got his horses in the same excellent condition. He stands in the enviable position of having in his training the first favorite for the Derby—the colt by Buzzard, out of Cobweb—and about the second favorite for the Oaks,—Glenara, by Sultan, out of Trampoline. The colt, to all outward appearance, is just such a horse as a judge would pick out to stand his stake upon, as he gallops in good form, and is of a nice racing size. The Riddlesworth Stakes is now nearly as good as an annuity to Lord Jersey—the betting at this time is *two to one* on his Lordship against the field, which said field consisted originally of twenty subscribers; but the only horses at all likely to run, are a filly out of Rowton's dam, a colt out of Surprise, and one of Mr. Houldsworth's nominations. I may here observe, that with such an immense field of horses in preparation for the Derby, (forty-six of which have been backed at some odds or another, some at very long odds, it is true) it seems really astonishing that so little as 6 and 7 to 1 should be taken about a "dark" horse, particularly when he has to get over the Riddlesworth, the 2000 gs. Stakes, and another race or two, previous to the eventful day; and, supposing him to win these races, and get well to Epsom, I will ask *how much less* than those odds *ought to be taken* at the morning of starting? The Oaks filly, Glenara, is very promising, and one glance of the eye tells us at once how she is bred. The old chesnut horse Silenus, that made such good running in 1835, for his companion, Ibrahim, is the leader of Lord Jersey's lot, and looks fresh and well. I did not see Achmet, but learnt from a gentleman of the town that he is to run for the Port Stakes, which, by the bye, will be one of the most interesting races of the Spring, as besides Achmet, the following are likely to run:—Phosphorus, Caravan, Egeria, Mango, and Epirus.

Scott has a fine lot of young horses, some eight or ten of which have been backed for the Derby. In a stable where so much mystery is observed, it is impossible to get at the right nag; indeed, I much question whether the party themselves know on which horse to stand their stake; and this may account for the odds being taken about so many in the stable. I was naturally very anxious to see this formidable lot, and if my observation be worth any thing, I should say that Cobham is the most likely to repay his friends at the present odds (20 to 1), for nothing but training off can prevent his becoming a greater favorite, as he has all the requisites for a racer, and does not come out before the day.

The rise of the colt out of Nonplus's dam some two or three months ago was owing to a favorable trial he had with Hornsea, who may be considered one of the best *schoolmasters* of the day. This Nonplus colt, judging from outward show, is about the stamp to speculate upon; he shows very racing poits, and *must* be a speedy animal,—whether he can manage the hill at Epsom is another question. Like Cobham, the colt out of Nonplus's dam does not appear till he saddles for the Derby, and this is a great advantage, particularly to the Velocipede get. Besides the above two, who have heavy responsibilities to answer for in the shape of heavy bets, "the brothers" have the following, which have been backed for sundry *ponies* and *rouleaux*, with occasionally a "cool hundred," and are now in strong exercise at Newmarket: Monc Adam, Bretby, Colt out of Tranby's dam, Richard Roe, and David Gellatly. Of this lot, Monc Adam, and the colt out of Tranby's dam are, to my fancy, the most racing-like animals.

Turner has got a *longish* string of Lord Exeter's horses; amongst them I saw seven three-year-olds, but none, I am sorry to observe, of any great promise. His Lordship's fillies generally surpass his colts in excellence, and this season such is decidedly the case, as the Marinella colt is the stable's whole dependance for the Derby; on the other hand four smart looking fillies are training on nicely for the Oaks, for which race his Lordship always *shows* to advantage. The filly out of Ramona is at present thought to have a turn of speed over her companions, but it is notorious that there are more mistakes in trials amongst Lord Exeter's horses than in all the other stables at Newmarket. The four-year-olds in this stable look, and go well. Dardanelles seems considerably improved, and gallops amazingly strong and racing-like. Troilus has also trained on well, and will take some beating this year; and Hybiscus and the old mare Lucetta have a rare chance for the Goodwood Cup, from the allowance which they will receive.

Taking a peep at the horses under Perrin's care, I was pleased to find that true sportsman, General Grosvenor, in some force for the Derby, with a colt named Dædalus, by Buzzard, out of Icaria, a winner of a stake at one of the Newmarket October Meetings. I can only say, that I should rejoice exceedingly to have it in my power to congratulate the gallant general as a winner of the Derby, 1838, for no sportsman better deserves to win a race of this description. Perrin has another "string to his bow" in a colt called Blaizes, which is represented to be a promising horse, and worth backing at his odds, viz., thousands to tens.

There has been, I understood, some "trialing" in Col. Peel's stable, and, among others, Ion acquitted himself so well in the estimation of his gallant owner and party, that the most sanguine expectations are entertained of his proving himself a racer of the first rank. I have spoken very favorably of this horse in my "Review of the Racing Season, 1837," and instead of altering the opinion I then expressed, as regards his merits as a Derby horse, I will go even farther, and say, that in point of shape, racing-like action, and condition, there is not a three-year-old at Newmarket but what would lose by comparison with him. Ion does not run before the Epsom Meeting. Slane is a magnificent horse, and will prove an awkward customer to get over for the Craven Stakes,—provided it is worth contesting for, which has not been the case these three or four last years. There were several other horses, some deeply engaged, in Cooper's stable, and all of them seemed to be in a forward state to meet their respective engagements.

I did not see any of Lord Suffield's horses (trained by Boyce, jun.), but was informed that the celebrated Caravan was taking his exercise well; that Bamboo was doing the same, and was not very *unlike* a Derby winner; and that Calisto was the most delightful galloper at Newmarket. It is very rare for a young nobleman to make such a "hit" on the turf in his first year as Lord Suffield did; however, the mystery is in a great measure dissolved when it is considered that the noble lord wisely follows the advice of a gallant Colonel, one of the best, if not the *very* best, judges we have of racing in all its branches.

In Joe Rogers's stable there are three colts engaged in the Derby; the favorite, Dormouse, is own brother to the notorious Rat-trap, and was purchased at the Hampton Court sale, 1836, at something under a hundred, by a livery-stable keeper of Bath, and by him re-sold to Samuel Worrall, Esq., who entertains an dea that he will be in the foremost of the throng at the finish of the race; the betting men, however, freely offer 30 to 1 against his being absolutely the winner. Dormouse is a neat-looking horse, and will probably get more forward in the market ere the day "big with the fate of thousands" arrive.

Pettit has nothing worthy of note excepting Sainfoin, and a colt out of Surprise; the former of which Mr. Thornhill unfortunately omitted to name for the Derby; and the latter he has unluckily sold to Mr. Gurney for a mere song. The running of Sainfoin for the Hopeful Stakes in the first October Meeting last year, when he then defeated the then *crack* Grey Momus, and others of character in the betting ring, proved him to be a youngster of great speed, and his after defeats cannot be considered as tarnishing his previously well-earned celebrity, for on those occasions he was notoriously amiss. What the Surprise colt may turn out, the Riddlesworth will show us; certainly his owner may cover himself handsomely by betting 3 to 1 against his winning—and these odds are pretty generally taken.

I just got a peep at Bland's Young Rowton, but did not see him out of a walk; in point of appearance he is vury like his sire, but whether it is confined to this I am unable to state. Some of the knowing ones anticipate great things of this son of Rowton; let him get over my Lord Exeter for the Tuesday's Riddlesworth before he enters his claim for the Derby.

Mr. Sowerby's horses during the last three or four seasous have been running well, and I am happy to see him rather strong this year. Caligula is his Derby nag; and the Arachne colt, which was within an ace of doing the trick in the last year's Riddlesworth, is a tolerable trial nag for him. Besides these, Howe has in training, St. Luke and Ruby, both in good running order.

Bond's horses, under the care of May, are very forward with their work, and look well when taking their exercise. There is nothing in the lot, however, to make Mr. B. think he can carrry off the Derby, and I believe he only backs his stable against others, or takes such odds as 30 to 1 about the whole lot consisting of seven or eight. Neither Edwards, Prince, William Ridsdale, Robinson, nor Marson, have any thing to depend upon for the Derby or Oaks, if I except Dash, trained by Marson, and Morella, by Prince, neither of which stand much chance of figuring to any advantage in the racing way.

Such is the list of favorites now in preparation at Newmarket for the ensuing races, and he must be difficult to please who is dissatisfied with the lot. I should decidedly say that the three-year-olds of this year are in point of quality greatly superior to those of late years, and looking at the strength of the country stables (John Day has between *sixty and seventy horses in training* at Stockbridge, about a dozen of which are engaged in the Derby and Oaks), and the general healthy state of the horses, I cannot help prognosticating that a splendid year's sport is in store for the amateur as well as the betting man.

Newmarket, March 13, 1838. UNCLE TOBY.

P.S. I wish to correct an error in my last article. In the notice of Edgar Pavis's winning the July stakes, for "Juliana," read "*Zulima*."

London (New) Sporting Magazine for April.

MISS HARRIET W—'S ENTRY TO HOUNDS.

I do not remember ever to have seen any communications from our sex to your Magazine, which, during the last year, has been constantly laying on our table, for my father, having taken a scribbling fit and bestowed all his tediousness on you, has since the attack taken a particular delight in the Work, more especially when it contained anything written by himself. Now the great delight he took in seeing himself in priut has set me a longing for some time; and it is an accorded privilege to our sex that such longings should not be disregarded. I therefore crave my right to unburthen myself at once of this my first literary conception. You must excuse the pertness of a Miss-in-her-teens who has as yet found no tie. I have been accustomed to hear tales of the Chase from my infancy, and as they have been told by those I love, I loved to listen to them, and I can sincerely say, that, though I understood but little of the subject, what was a pleasure to others was also to me. I have often heard complaints of fox-hunters, that they talk of nothing but horses, hounds, five-barred gates, &c.; but I rather like a fox-hunter *par preference*. My Pa, dear old fellow, is *almost* the only man I have yst seen that I have thought I could really love, and yet I do not know but I might love a true fox-hunter if he kept beautiful horses, mounted me on the best of them, was very attentive, literary, accomplished, and fond of music, and loved me as I deserve, which I think is very much. But to my subject.

I have in my rides with my father frequently been indulged with a little larking over hurdles, &c., which I did so to the joy of the old man's heart that he insisted on my astonishing the natives for once (though I do not now intend to let him off with once), by joining the hounds. It was on a beautiful clear November morning that we rode into one of the most beautiful parks in Surrey. The huntsman was riding along the margin of a bright glittering lake, with his hounds all around him, all watching for a recognition or a kind word, which ever and anon was given—such as "What, Hurricane, old boy!"—"Blithesome, my pretty!" &c. The mania began to creep on me. Then I saw a group of joyous country lads, and in a little shaded walk leading down to the lake were some laughing eyes peeping over the hawthorn, which immediately attracted my good old parent's attention. I felt every moment additional excitement, but when at last three or four gay fellows in scarlet on beautiful horses rode into the park, it was all over with me. The hounds were now thrown into covert; then up whirred pheasant after pheasant, their gorgeous plumage glittering in the sun; then we trotted on to another covert, and in our way to it we had to leap a stile, which my dear horse did beautifully: it was a lucky hit; I had now created a sensation. Every gentleman strove to open a gate or shew any civility. You may talk of ball-room manners, but if ladies wish to be petted, they had better take to fox-hunting and fox-hunters.

The hounds were thrown into a gorse covert, and after a little time Pa said—"Hark! hark!" and in a moment after a "find!" I heard nothing, nor did any one near us, but in another moment there was a beautiful shrill "halloo," and not a doubt remained. Away we went, and the fox, having turned short after going away, came across us, and went gallantly over the field in sight of us, followed immediately by the whole pack in full cry. It was now that I felt a new existence, and during a short check I exclaimed to Pa, "I no longer wonder at any one being fond of it; I feel I can ride over any thing: oh, how beautiful, how exhilarating!" The old gentleman smiled, as I thought, wickedly, and I suspected he meant to try my courage; however, though we took everything as it came, and my horse fell over one fence with me, I never for a moment thought of danger. My pleasure was doomed to be short this day; for my Pa, being rather too cunning and a little conceited, took a wrong direction and lost the hounds, which went away over a great extent of country for two hours, and lost their fox near Crawley. If my Squire serves me such a trick again, I intend to look out for a good dashing young rider the moment the hounds find, and to stick close to him, for that day at least. The rest is in the hands of fate.

Yours, HARRIET W——.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for April.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 19, 1838.

NEW YORK SPRING RACES, BEACON COURSE,

HOBOKEN, N. J., OPPOSITE N. Y. CITY.

The First Spring Meeting over this splendid course commenced on Tuesday last, and concluded yesterday afternoon. On the whole, better sport was had than could well have been anticipated, under the circumstances, for *Reindeer*, *Shadow*, and *Bergen* were not in attendance, though in condition; had they started for the three or four mile purses, the meeting would have gone off with eclat. *Bergen* is matched against *Bloody Nathan* for $1000, to run four mile heats at Camden next Tuesday, which satisfactorily accounts for his not being here; Shadow was obliged to accompany Saracen to Camden after the latter's race on Tuesday, as he (S.) is engaged in a sweepstakes there on the first day of the meeting; Reindeer was ready for a burst with *Atalanta*, but his owner failed to make his entry. Henry Moore, Nimrod, The Colonel and several others, were unfortunately amiss, so that, all things considered, the meeting went off much better than we expected.

Since last Fall the track and fixtures have been put in complete order. The track is graded all round, and in dry weather fine time can be made over it. The Grand Stand is now completed, and is without doubt as much the largest, as it is the handsomest in the Union. It is 300 feet long, the main body 50 feet wide, and the wings 25 feet—the whole, three stories high. The main building is fitting up as a Hotel, and is to be hereafter occupied as such by Mr. Sloat, of Jersey City. The stand has three grand divisions, the first, (60 feet by 25) being appropriated exclusively to ladies and their escorts; the second (50 feet by 50) is the Club stand, which alone communicates with the open space in front as well as with every part of the establishment; the Club have a handsome dining room and other conveniences; the Citizens' stand (190 feet by 50 and 25) adjoins the Club stand. The whole is supported by handsome pillars—is prettily painted, and fitted up in superior style. A cheap stand, 200 feet by 18, has been put up recently, opposite the two mile distance post; it is to have 100 feet more in length added, though the two stands will now accommodate *fifteen thousand persons!* The Judges' and distance stands, with the grand Entrance Gate to the Course, are very tasteful and elegant. No less a sum than $60,000 has been expended upon the Beacon Course, and when 10 per cent more is laid out upon the field and a sand track, the proprietors may boast of having established the most splendid race course in America.

The ball was opened with a colts sweepstakes of four subscribers at $300 each, mile heats. There only came to the post, Mr. Gibbons' fine colt *Saracen*, Mr. John C. Stevens' *Zela*, "the crack," and Mr. Wilkes' *Brother to Dr. Syntax*. Mr. Van Mater, to his regret, paid forfeit on a colt by Eclipse out of Bonny Black's dam, (Helen Mar, by Rattler) which he considered in many respects superior to *Trenton*, another colt of his, that proved a winner against a good field on the same day.

Zela was long the first Northern favorite for the Great $44,000 stake, but *Fordham*, in the same stable, being in rather better condition, was started in her place. She is a strawberry roan, of about 15½ hands,—the very picture of *Floranths*, her own sister, (being got by Eclipse, out of Miss Walton, the dam of Goliah, and other good ones.) She has a blaze face, with a white fore foot, and white hind legs to near the hocks. Her head and neck are lighter and handsomer than most of the get of Eclipse. She is very long under the reach, with a light carcase, considerably tucked up in the flank; across the hips she is very broad—very much in the style of *Charlotte Russe*, but to our taste, not strong enough across the loins to pack weight well. She goes with a fine rating stroke, and has a remarkable turn of speed, like her sister. The odds settled down to 2 to 1 on her vs. the field, *Baxter* having brought her to the post in superb order, with little *Henry* across the pig skin.

The *Brother to Dr. Syntax* has been trained in Mr. Robert L. Stevens' stable, by *Alfred Conover*, and was a very prominent nomination in the Great Stake. He went amiss just before that race, and was off to-day. Last Friday he ran a mile trial over the Union Course, with his shoes on, in 1:54. He is a chesnut, without white, about 15-3, we should judge, and of great substance and strength.

Saracen would be recognized as an Eclipse colt half a mile off, from his heavy shoulder, head, and neck, and his immense hocks. He is out of Sally Slouch, an own sister to Star, by Virginian—a blood bay, without white, with black legs, mane, and tail, and about 15 hands and an inch. He has been down with the distemper, but *James Wood* brought him to the post in tolerable order—though he had fallen off since the Long Island meeting, not having had an opportunity of taking his regular work; a smart trial strain and a scrape would have done him infinite service. Though moderately strong backed, in him the caudal vertebræ, or bones of the tail, are very small in proportion to the bones of the haunch; *Nullifier*, a good performer, and a near relation of his, had the same peculiar mark.

The Race.—Saracen went off with the lead at a good pace, and carried on the running to the half mile post, with Zela 2d, and Brother to Syntax an awkward 3d; at the turn of the back stretch Zela challenged, and the three swung around into the straight run home nearly abreast. Saracen soon after declined, and Zela came in front and won cleverly, hard in hand, in 1:55. The second heat was a repetition of the 1st.—Saracen cut out the work for about half a mile, when Zela and the Saluda colt passed; the latter "tried it on" when they got into straight running, but the "white-legged filly" easily outfooted him, and won in a canter in the time of the 1st heat.

Immediately after this race came off another sweepstakes, Mile heats, with six subscribers, at $200 each. Four only came to the post, viz:—Mr. Van Mater's *Trenton*, Mr John C. Stevens' Lady Jackson colt, Mr. Tillotson's *Brother to Red Russett*, and Combs & Ellis's *Eliptic*—a pretty bobbish field. Trenton was in fine condition, but his owner had so little confidence in him as to discourage his friends from backing him, never having given him a trial to ascertain how he would repeat. He is a light chesnut, with no other white than a star, standing about 15½, and put up in a style highly creditable to his sire. The Lady Jackson colt, bred, we believe, by A. L. Botts, Esq., is also a light chesnut, without white, with nothing extraordinary about him. *Eliptic*, a dark chesnut, of fine size, has no white but a small star; he must measure very near 16 hands, and adds another to the colts of Monmouth Eclipse, that have come out this Spring, which promise to distinguish themselves. He was quite too high; but had foot enough to have won the 1st heat could his jockey have pulled him back, so as to have put the issue on a brush up the quarter stretch home. The Brother to Russett, another dark chesnut, with three white feet, was also too high; he is a colt of immense muscular strength—has plenty of bone, good action, and runs on his courage.

The Race.—Trenton led off and cut out the work down the back stretch to the half-mile post, with the Brother to Russett 2d, the other two in hand. Here the latter caught up the running with the Lady Jackson colt on his flank, and the three came into straight work up the run home nearly abreast, Eliptic having the outside, Trenton the track, and the Lady Jackson colt between them. *Jack* on the latter thought it was a sure thing, and so took a good pull on the colt, while the other two were coming home under whip and spur. Inside of the distance stand it was any body's race—every jump seemed to bring them nearer together, and but for Jack's whip hand and desperate spurring he would have been beaten by little *Abe*, who made a dead heat of it, Eliptic being 2d, and close up. The time was 1:51½—a rattling pace for untried colts.

Trenton took the track in the 2d heat, and maintained it to the end, winning easily. Jack pulled up inside the distance, and Eliptic was placed 2d; the heat was pretty well contested between the latter and the Lady Jackson colt, who brushed twice for the 2d place; in the first one, on the 3d quarter, Eliptic had the advantage, but condition told, and on the second trial he was beaten.

The third heat was a hollow thing; Trenton led from end to end, without a struggle, tailing off the Lady J. colt, and distancing both the others in 1:56, having run the 2d heat in 1:55. Here's the "sum total" of the sport:—

TUESDAY, May 15, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Four subs. at $300 each, ft. $100. Mile heats.

John C. Stevens' ro. f. *Zela*, by Eclipse, out of Mr. Walter Livingston's Miss Walton, by Mendoza, (a brother to Sir Walter by Hickory)................ Henry Quigg. 1 1
J. Hamilton Wilkes' ch. c. *Brother to Dr. Syntax*, by Eclipse, out of Saluda by Sir Archy........................ 2 2
William Gibbons' b. c. *Saracen*, by Eclipse, out of Sally Slouch by Virginian....... 3 dis
Time, 1:55 each heat.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 years old; weights as before. Six subs. at $200 each, ft. $50. Mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Trenton*, by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of a Tuckahoe mare........................ Abram. 0 1 1
John C. Stevens' ch. c. by Henry, out of Lady Jackson by Eclipse...... Jack... 0 3 2
Combs & Ellis's ch. c. *Eliptic* by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Amanda by Duroc... 2 2 dis
Robt. Tillotson's ch. c. *Brother to Red Russett*, by Henry........................ 3 4 dis
Time, 1:51½—1:55—1:56.

SECOND DAY.

The purse of $300 for two mile heats, brought out Capt. Stockton's imported horse *Langford*, Col. Johnson's *Suffolk*, Mr. Coster's *Ajax*, and Mr. Green's *Emilius*. Langford was looking better than we have seen him for some time, and really did credit to young *Van Mater*, his trainer. On the 26th of last month he beat *Balie Peyton* over a heavy track at Trenton, in 3:48, and the following week was distanced in the mud on Long Island by Suffolk and Dosoris. A pretty good estimate of his Trenton race may be made from the fact that the week following Balie Peyton won the three mile purse at the Kendall Course in 5:45—5:44—the best two mile race of 1838. Though a long strider, his stroke is not equal by a foot to that of *Dosoris*; the latter covers twenty-three feet when extended; such being the fact, if the mud killed him up, as was generally remarked, why should it not have the like effect upon Dosoris? Capt. Stockton determined, at any rate, to see what he was made of, and accordingly gave him a terrible trial last Friday; he put a light boy on him, and made up the latter's weight with *blankets* to 114 lbs. (the appropriate 5 yr. old wt.) and ran him *four miles with his shoes and clothes on!* The 1st mile was run in 2:25, the 2d in 2:20—and the two last miles in *two minutes each!* The result of the trial was so satisfactory, that when the horses were brought to the post, and Suffolk's backers offered 2 to 1 on him against the field, they were accommodated. Suffolk did not strip well; his coat appeared set and he was evidently stale and off his foot. Ajax was also rather high, and Emilius about as green as a cabbage, with no more seasoning than a stallion. The entries having previously been described in these columns, we at once saddle and lead up for

The Race.—Ajax went off with the lead at a rattling pace, with Langford well up, and the other two in hand. The field closed on the 4th quarter, but suffered Ajax to lead past the stand on the 2d mile, and down the back-side. At the half mile post Emilius had given it up, but the others commenced a rally, which resulted in Ajax's pulling up 200 yards from home, leaving Langford to run Suffolk home to a head. Gil Patrick, on Suffolk, had the track, and contrived to throw Dick Valentine off so far on the last turn, that he could not bring Langford up again. *Willis*, on *Bascombe*, played the same game with Gil when the latter rode *Post Boy*, in their match in 1836. The odds now increased on Suffolk; the betting was very heavy, but confined to a few parties.

Second heat:—Langford and Ajax again made the running to the 3d quarter half a distance in front; here Suffolk rallied, but could not reach Langford, though he passed Ajax. From this moment the tailing commenced; Gil took Suffolk in hand to bottle him up for another heat, while Emilius was already out of his distance, and Ajax too near it to be pleasant. Langford led down the backside by half a dozen lengths, and came home in a canter nearly half a distance ahead, every one shouting to Dick to "hold up," which he did, but Emilius was "no where" at the finish, and Ajax was shut out about the length of his tail. The heat was run a fraction under 3:46; had Langford been put up, he could have run it in three or four seconds less. Over so hard a track as was the Beacon to-day, no horse in the country, with 114 lbs. up, could have headed the imported colt. Hedging was now the order of the day, and 2 to 1 on Langford went a-begging.

Third heat:—Langford led off at three parts speed, and let the daylight in between Suffolk and himself, on the 1st quarter. This gap he widened at every stroke to the end, and would have doubly distanced Suffolk, had not Capt. S. ordered Dick to stop him; he ran only about half the 2d mile, and came in at a hand gallop, Suffolk "doing all he knew" to save his bacon, which he did by a tight squeeze only.

The second race, for a purse of $100, mile heats, was beautifully contested by Mr. Fenner's *Rienzi*, and Mr. Abbott's *Shepherdess*. In the first heat they ran a dead lock from the start to inside of the four mile distance post, (running the 1st half mile in 54 seconds) where Gil Patrick called on Rienzi, and won by about two lengths in the clear. In the 2d heat, Shepherdess stole the track from the horse at the start, and maintained it to the last quarter, where Rienzi came in front, and won cleverly. Summary:—

WEDNESDAY, May 16—Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 year olds taking up 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs. Two mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's imp. br. h. *Langford*, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Sir Hercules, 5 yrs........................ Dick Valentine. 2 1 1
Col. W. R. Johnson's (A. P. Hamlin's) b. c. *Suffolk*, by Andrew, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, the dam of Decatur, Tarquin, etc., 4 yrs........................ 1 2 2
John H. Coster's ch. h. *Ajax*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Lady Sarah by Duroc, aged........................ 3 dist.
Willett McCoun's (Charles Green's) br. h. *Emilius*, by Eclipse, out of Manhattan's dam, an imp. mare by Filho da Puta, aged........................ 4 dist.
Time, 3:50—3:46—3:57.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $100; free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats.

Willett McCoun's (Henry Fenner's) b. h. *Rienzi*, by Paul Clifford, out of Kate Kearney by Henry, 5 yrs........................ Gil. Patrick. 1 1
Daniel Abbott's b. m. *Shepherdess*, by Lance, out of Amanda by Revenge, 6 yrs..... 2 2
Time, 1:53—1:56½.

THIRD DAY.

The entries for the purse of $500, Three mile heats, were Col. Johnson's *Atalanta*, Mr. Botts' *Margaret Ridgeley*, and Mr. J. C. Stevens' *Dosoris*. The latter was entered under the expectation of meeting *Boston*, but as he was in pickle for the four mile heats on Friday, Dosoris threw away his entrance to meet him then and there. Margaret R. was started merely to prevent a walk over, the betting being 100 to 10, and finally dollars to cents on Atalanta. We have nothing to say of this race, but may remark that the 2d one was pretty well contested, and won cleverly by our time-honored old friend Maj. Jones, in two straight heats, with his Sir Lovell colt, Gracchus. Record:—

THURSDAY, May 17—Purse $500; free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Capt. D. H. Branch's) b. m. *Atalanta*, by Industry, out of Nancy Norwood by Rattler, 6 yrs........................ Gil. Patrick. 1 1
Alexander L. Botts' ch. f. *Margaret Ridgeley*, by Eclipse, out of Phillis, sister to Gohanna, 4 yrs........................ 2 dr
Time, 6:11.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $100; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

Maj. William Jones' b. c. *Gracchus*, by Sir Lovell, out of Eleanor by Eclipse, 4 yrs........................ Gil. Patrick. 1 1
E. D. Leary's b. h. *Blazing Star*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs................ 2 2
Henry Severance's br. f. *Polly Mott*,* by Henry, dam by Hickory, 4 yrs............ 3 dr
Time, 1:53—1:54. * Polly carried 5 yr. old weight.

FOURTH DAY.

A smart shower in the morning prevented so numerous an attendance as a Four Mile Day usually brings out, and there was an *on dit* current that *Dosoris* was complaining in his "game foot," so that we were surprised on reaching the course to find so many there as were assembled. The odds offered on *Boston* the evening previous were about 100 to 60; when the horses stripped, 100 to 30 was freely taken. *Belcher* brought Boston to the post in fine order, with *Cornelius* on his back, who, by the bye, has rode him a winning race every time he has started. [In his first race, in his 3 yr. old form, Boston bolted at starting, but has not lost a race since.] Dosoris last season hurt the heel of his off fore foot, just below the coronet, and when plated this morning, though he did not flinch, it was thought the race must lame him; a sand crack on his other fore foot had just grown up cleverly; he was thrown out last season, and when taken up this Spring, was very high; to bring him down, *Baxter* has been obliged to put him through very severe work, which showed itself to-day in his tender feet and inflamed pastern joints. He started with *George Nelson* up.

The Race was no race at all for either horse; both seemed disposed to put the issue on a brush, and it was laughable to see them lope through the 1st mile like cocktails, their jocks pulling at their heads with might and main: the 1st mile took up 2:14; in the 2d, the pace mended, Dosoris giving up the lead; Boston came home in front in 1:54½, and now the odds for the heat or race were 100 to 20 on him; the 3d mile was ran in 1:55½, and the 4th in 2:00. Boston won handily by three lengths, Dosoris never making a struggle for it. Time, 8:04.

Dosoris pulled up dead amiss, bleeding in both feet, and it was generally supposed he would now be drawn. His owner, however, was induced to start him again, and, tho' a crippled horse, he ran the first three miles of 2d heat in 5:49½.

The second race was more of a sporting affair. Gil. Patrick, on Shepherdess, thought he had the race safe, and so did the mare's backers, but Eliza stole up on the inside on the last quarter, and beat him in to the stand, after a very pretty brush. Eliza led, the 2d heat, from end to end.

A match, two mile heats, in harness, succeeded, that we did not wait to see. Stannard, the pedestrian, ran a mile with them, and was "well placed at the finish." And thus ends the chapter.

FRIDAY, May 18—Purse $1000; free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam, by Ball's Florizel, 5 yrs........................ Cornelius. 1 1
John C. Stevens' ch. h. *Dosoris*, by Henry, out of Miss Walton, the dam of Goliah, Floranthe, Zela, etc., 5 yrs........................ Geo. Nelson. 2 2
Time, 8:04—8:01.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $100, free for all ages, weights as before, Mile heats.

Willett McCoun's gr. f. *Eliza Derby*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Maid of the Oaks by Hickory, 4 yrs........................ 1 1
Daniel Abbott's ch. m. *Shepherdess*, pedigree before, 6 yrs........................ 2 2
A. L. Botts' ch. f. *Margaret Ridgeley*, " " 4 yrs........................ 3 3
Time, 1:52—1:55.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

Camden Races, opposite Philadelphia, commence on Tuesday next with such prospects of fine sport, that a host of our citizens have sent on orders to Head's, the United States, the Marshall House, and other crack hotels, to secure lodgings. It is understood that the flower of southern chivalry on the Turf in Virginia and Maryland will attend with their stables, while Long Island and Jersey are making every exertion to welcome the strangers. We trust to see Decatur, Lady Cliffden, Fanny Wyatt, Cippus, Willis, Balie Peyton, Duane, Charles Carter, Boston, Atalanta, Dosoris, Langford, Shadow, Bergen, Clarion, Fordham, Job, Reindeer, Ajax, and a host of others.

Produce Stake of $5000 each, subscription!—One good effect, at least, has resulted from Mr. Stevens' sending *Black Maria* south, as she is no sooner sold for $4000, than her spirited owners open a stake to the world, and nominate her produce to run four mile heats in 1843 over the Nashville (Tenn.) Course, for a subscription of $5000 each! [see advt. on last page.] This is something like. There are already *three* subscribers—who will be first to make a fourth? In Tennessee and Louisiana, people will tell you that "whatever Balie Peyton says is Gospel!" and he writes us that this stake must be made a National Affair! Nashville will be a convenient meeting ground for turfmen from the Western, Southern, and Middle States, and he thinks "Kentucky is bound to come in, and Tennessee, and Alabama also And I do not see," writes Mr. P., "why the gentlemen of Carolina, Georgia, and the Old Dominion—of Maryland, New Jersey, and New York, should hesitate to join us, and make this stake the most splendid and attractive ever run for in America." Nor we neither—and we would impress especially upon the owners of *Mingo, Post Boy, Bascombe*, and other untried native stallions—and upon the owners also of the recently imported horses, the importance of their subscribing to this stake. Nothing we can suggest would better demonstrate their confidence in the stock of their favorites, while it would have a most salutary effect upon the minds of breeders. The stake closes on the 1st of January 1839, and we earnestly hope it may be with *twenty subscribers!* Why, it would be worth to an untried stallion five times the forfeit to have his get nominated in a stake of $100,000, four mile heats!

Match on the Centreville Course To-day!—A match race for $1000 comes off this afternoon at 2 o'clock, over the Centreville Trotting Course between *John R.* and *Shepherd*.

Edwin Forrest vs. Daniel D. Tompkins.—The trotting match between these celebrated horses for $5000 a-side, Three mile heats, comes off next Monday, over the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia. No doubt an immense concourse will be assembled. It was not generally known yesterday whether the match would be performed in harness or under the saddle. We privately learn that Forrest is rather high, but that he looks, feeds, and goes well; his trainer cannot bring him down more without giving him so much work as to make him sore. Tompkins is as fine as silk, and we *hear* has been backed at 2 to 1; no such odds have been offered to our personal knowledge, nor should there be.

The match between *Awful* and *Oneida Chief* will probably come off at an earlier day than the 4th of July, each party disliking to wait so long for the stakes, which both are pretty sure of. The match is for $2000 a-side, Three mile heats, in harness, and, on the part of Oneida Chief, was made by Mr. Henry Severance, *not* Sovereign, as it was misprinted in our last paper. The attraction of seeing a tip top trotting horse go against the first pacer in the Union, and in harness, will be equal to the match between *Forrest* and *Tompkins*.

Baltimore Races, over the Central Course, commenced last Tuesday. Dr. Geo. L. Stockett's br. c. *Sam Brown*, by Sussex, out of the dam of Cippus, won the stake of 14 subs. at $300 each, beating R. Adams' Timoleon colt, and Maj. Selden's Sussex colt, in 1:55—1:58½—2:05.

For the Craig Plate of $500, Two mile heats, O. P. Hare's *Fanny Wyatt* and J. B. Kendall's *Louisa Lee* were entered.

Second day, Wednesday.—For some reason unknown to us, the Craig Plate was not run for. Fanny Wyatt and Louisa Lee, the entries for it, appear to have been drawn and entered for the Three mile purse on Thursday, with Stockett's *Mary Selden*, Garrison's *Sally Bertrand*, McCargo's *Charles Carter*, and Adams' *Julia Burton*. The Sweepstakes on the same day, of ten subs. at $500 each, $100 ft. was won by Col. Wynn's Flirtilla colt *John Linton*, by imp. Luzborough in 1:51—1:52—the best mile race ever made over the Central Course.

Death of Enceiro.—We regret to learn from the Lexington (Ky.) Observer, of the sudden death of this fine young Stallion of Col. Y. N. Oliver's, on the 16th ult. Enceiro was the produce of Star and a fine mare by Seymour's Spread Eagle, and had won for himself and his stock a high character. He died on the farm of the Hon. H. Daniels; the Reporter gives us the following particulars of his death:—

"We understand that, having been taken out for his morning exercise, he broke violently from his groom, and in attempting to dash across the lot struck against a tree and died instantly. As he ran, a corner of the hood was thrown up about his face, from which, it is presumed, proceeded the unfortunate catastrophe."

William R. Barrow, Esq. of St. Francisville, La. has bought from Joshua Boswell, Esq. of Lexington, Ky. his bay colt *Josh Bell*, 4 years, by Frank, dam by Little John, for $6000.

Hon. Balie Peyton and Dr. J. G. Chalmers have bought Mr. John C. Stevens' *Black Maria* by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, price $4000.

Robt. Wooding of Tennessee has sold to Dr. Ira Smith his gray mare *Primrose*, (now in foal to Rodolph) by Sir Richard, out of Bernice by Balsora, 6 years, for $700.

Mr. John W. Tisdale, formerly the trainer of Messrs. Davenport & Farris, of Ky., will take charge of the stable of Wm. R. Barrow, Esq. of St. Francisville this next Fall.

Mr. Isaac Van Leer (Mr. Stevens' trainer on Long Island) has gone to St. Louis with his string; he has not sold any part of the stock, excepting Black Maria.

The *Trotting* this week over the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, appears to have been well attended, and the sport good. In our next we trust to publish Mr. Brown's official report.

Athletic Exercises.—The proprietors of the Beacon Course propose to offer purses to the amount of $1500, for the encouragement of Athletic Exercises and Rural Sports generally. Purses will be given for Walking, Running, Wrestling, Leaping, Throwing the Bar, &c. The sport will occupy several days, and will probably take place the 2d or 3d week in June. In our next the prizes, date, &c., will be given.

KENDALL COURSE (Md.) SPRING RACES.

We have not received the "official" report, and therefore compile a better from those in the Baltimore "Daily Chronicle,"—the best sporting daily in the country —and other sources.

TUESDAY, May 8, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seven subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Mile heats.
Col. Wm. Wynn's b. c. *John Linton*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Flirtilla (own sister to Rattler) by Sir Archy........ 1 1
Richard N. Snowden's b. c. *Gustavus*, by Sussex, out of Roseville by Rattler........ 2 2
Time, 1:55—1:53. Won handily.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; weights as before. Three subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
Col. Stonestreet's gr. f. by Tychicus, out of Laura by Rob Roy........ 2 0 1 1
R. J. Worthington's b. f. by Sussex, out of Trippet by Mars........ 3 3 3 2
J. B. Kendall's (Maj. Cooke's) ch. f. *Crickett*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse........ 1 0 2 3
Time, 1:52—1:54—1:54—2:01.

A very interesting race. The second heat was declared by the Judges to be a dead heat between Crickett and the Tychicus filly, and the third heat was lost, it is supposed, by the rider giving her the whip, as she swerved as soon as struck with it. The first heat was also well contested.

WEDNESDAY, May 9—Subscription Plate (value $350), the winner to take plate or its value; the amount of subscription depending upon the number of subs.; free for all ages; 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.
James B. Kendall's (Edw. Pendleton's) br. f. *Louisa Lee*, by Medley, out of Brunette by Telegraph, 4 yrs........ 1 1
H. C. Kendall's (A. Taylor's) b. c. *Harbinger*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Virginia Taylor by Sir Hal, 4 yrs........ 2 2
Geo. Forbes' b. f. by Velocity, dam by Imp Chance, 4 yrs........ 3 3
Time, 3:52—3:59.

The knowing ones were hit hard in this race, Harbinger being the favorite 2 to 1, previous to starting. Louisa Lee came in under a strong pull, winning both heats easily.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 4 year olds, weights as above. Five subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Two mile heats.
James B. Kendall's b. c. *Balie Peyton*, by Andrew, out of Master Henry's dam, by Eclipse........ walked over.

THURSDAY, May 10—Proprietor's Purse $300, ent. $20; free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.
James B. Kendall's b. c. *Balie Peyton*, pedigree above, 4 yrs........ 1 1
J. S. Garrison's b. h. *Stockton*, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs........ 2 2
G. L. Stockett's b. m. *Mary Selden*, by Sussex, dam by Richmond, 5 yrs........ dist.
E. S. Baldwin's ch. g. *Red Fox*, by Mason's Rattler, dam by Selim, 5 yrs........ dist.
Col. F. Thompson's ch. f. *Rowena*, by Timoleon, dam by Rob Roy, 4 yrs........ dr.
Time, 5:45—5:44.

The five horses entered were all untried, and drew together a very large number of spectators. The public stands were filled, and the course crowded with carriages. The day was beautiful, and the track in most excellent order.

Early in the morning it was announced that Col. Thompson's ch. f. Rowena had broken out with the distemper and would not start. This left four horses—Balie Peyton, Stockton, Mary Selden, and Red Fox. The bets were all in favor of Stockton, and he was freely offered against the field, and in some instances at 50 to 40.

At the start Mary Selden took the lead, followed in order by Balie Peyton, Stockton, and Red Fox. On the first quarter Red Fox rushed for the lead, and obtained it, which he maintained for half a mile, and then gave it up to Stockton—who was soon passed by Balie Peyton. Red Fox and Mary Selden began now to fall rapidly in the rear, for the pace was too good for them. It was a beautiful contest for the second mile, Balie Peyton still in the lead. On entering on the stretch, Stockton made a rush, lapped his antagonist, and at the pickets was ahead, when Balie Peyton shyed and was thrown out of his stride, by which he lost six lengths. Stockton now took the lead, and a short but very interesting contest ensued between him and Balie Peyton. The latter proved himself every inch a horse, and, before reaching the back stretch, gave Stockton the "go by," and bade him "good bye." The day light was let in between them, and was never again darkened, though JOHN HARTMAN, who rode Stockton in splendid style, put his horse to his utmost speed, and got every thing he had in him out. Balie Peyton came in under a strong pull—never having felt whip or spur—having run the heat in 5:45—the same time made by Lady Cliffden over the same course last Spring, when she came to the stand in a gallop.

The knowing ones were all at fault, and it was now ten to nothing that Balie Peyton would win the money. He had taken the heat in gallant style, and though he was high in flesh, and now blowed strongly, the ease with which he had run three miles in the astonishing short time of 5:45, satisfied all that unless he fell down he must win the purse.

The Second heat Stockton took the lead, and went off with a tremendous pace, closely waited on by Balie Peyton. At the first quarter on the third mile he rushed at Stockton, and cut him down with all imaginable ease, and with a killing pace went up the back run, round the turn, and down the quarter stretch till he reached the pickets, when the boy took a strong pull and brought him home in 5:44—the best heat ever made on the course, and altogether the best three mile race run in this part of the world since Sussex made his great three mile race in Virginia, in 5:46—5:43.

We congratulate the owner of Balie Peyton, on his performance to-day, and wish for him a succession of triumphs in his future career equal to his sire, for whom he has acquired additional honors.

FRIDAY, May 11—Jockey Club Purse $700, ent. $40; free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats.
James S. Garrison's bl. h. *Cippus*, by Industry, dam by Mark Anthony, 6 yrs........ 1 1
Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. *Master Henry*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs........ 2 2
Dr. Geo. W. Duvall's b. h. *Prince George*, by Industry, out of Thistle (Argyle's dam) by Ogle's Oscar, 6 yrs........ dr
Time, 7:51—7:58½.

There was a very large number of spectators on the ground to-day. Early in the morning it was ascertained that Prince George was lame, and the fact was immediately announced. This caused disappointment, and detracted somewhat from the interest of the race. The circumstance, however, was known at an early hour in the city, but it did not seem to keep any body from going, for the course was never so well attended. The betting was 4 to 1 on Cippus, and even 5 to 1 was offered, and but slightly taken.

Cippus, when stripped, showed to be in "tip top" order. His hair was smooth as glass, and soft and black as the raven, and he walked like a conqueror. Mr. Garrison, his owner, had but a few days since returned from the South, where he had been showing the natives of these parts "how fields were won." We have said elsewhere, that Mr. Garrison was entitled to be called the "Frederick the Great" of the Turf. Mr. Webster, in his recent great speech, said of Frederick the Great, "yesterday he was in the South, giving battle to the Austrian—to-day he is in Saxony or Silesia; instantly he is found to have traversed the Electorate, and is facing the Russian and Swede on the Northern frontier. If you look for his place on the map, before you find it he has quitted it. He is always marching, flying, falling back, wheeling, attacking, defending, surprising; fighting every where, and fighting all the time."

So it is with Mr. Garrison on the Turf. But yesterday he was in the extreme South, giving battle to the Louisianians, to-day he is at the door of the capitol, and to-morrow he will be in the North, combating with the flower of that country! How fearful are the odds against such a man, who moves with the celerity of his own swift courser!

Master Henry was all that his friends and backers could wish, and, as the result proved, made an excellent race.

At the tap of the drum they got off well together, Master Henry running for the lead, which he obtained and kept as long as Cippus wished, when he went up, passed him, and came home in hand in 7:51—which he could have made several seconds less, if it had been required.

The second heat was but a repetition of the first. On the first quarter of the fourth mile Cippus challenged, and passed Henry as if he had been standing still, and getting three lengths a-head, Johnny took a strong pull on him, letting him go on his regular stride. At the quarter stretch, Master Henry made a dash, and before Johnny could recover from his surprise, was actually up to him, and at the draw gate had passed him. A few touches of the spur sent him a-head again, "like a trap ball," and he passed the stand a length clear, in 7:58½—a good race, and bravely won.

Extract from a letter to the Editor, dated COVINGTON, (Tenn.) April 11, 1838.

Will you be good enough to send your devil over to the office of the individual whose business it is to MAKE NAMES FOR COLTS, and ask him to make a name for my colt! I was disposed to call him *Good Fellow;* but having noticed in your paper that there was a namemaker in your city, I concluded to encourage him. My colt is a chesnut sorrel, by imported Leviathan, out of Gulliner, by Drummond's Napoleon, dam by Pacolet, and so on, all good or be st, year old 15th inst., and of fine promise.

Please have me a fashionable name, of not more than two syllables, cost what it will: for shinplasters are plenty here, such as they are, and we live near the same river that Col. WHETSTONE's cousin said was a fine river for a new country.

I received a line from Pete the other day, stating that he hadn't removed from where he now lives. Yours respectfully, F R. S.

P.S. Tell the namemaker that I am breeding nine mares this Spring, and will give him liberal encouragement hereafter, if I am pleased with his name.

F. R. S

JESSE LUTTON, Esq. of Pulaski, Tenn. claims the name of *Velvet* for a beautiful filly foal dropped on the 22d April, by Muslin, got by Talleyrand.

ST. FRANCISVILLE (La.) SPRING RACES

Commenced on the 2d instant, and the annexed report is furnished by our special correspondent. Most of the stables appear to be almost worn out by the campaign, which has been one of unparalleled severity, several of the horses having travelled from Kentucky to Louisiana, and encountered many a "moving accident by flood and field." The South-western campaign commenced at New Orleans in December, since which some of the stables have ran at Alexandria, La., on Red River, Vicksburg, and Natchez, Miss., Opelousas, and St. Francisville, La., Mobile, Ala., three several weeks at New Orleans, then at Plaquemine, and now at St. Francisville. So numerous and splendid a lot of young horses have never been brought forward in a single compaign as those who came out at New Orleans in April, a circumstance the more gratifying, as it will contribute in an important degree to the stability and prosperity of the South-western Turf.

The St. Francisville Course we have already mentioned as one of the finest in the Union, and we are happy to bear witness to the high character of the gentlemen composing its Club, which for reputation, spirit, and wealth, challenges the respect of its contemporaries from New York to New Orleans. The following gentlemen comprise its

OFFICERS FOR 1838.

Gen. J. JOHNSON, President; A. G. HOWELL, Esq., Vice President. *Distance* and *Patrole Judges*, Richard H. Haile, Cyrus Ratcliffe, H. B. Hiern, Dr. Dismont, M. Courtney, H. A. Lyons, James Fair, Charles M. Edie, and Amos Grey, Esquires. *Stewards*, John Kest and Wm. B. Fort, Esqrs. *Timers*, Bennett H. Barrow and Fergus Duplantier, Esqrs. *Secretary*, A. Haralson, Esq.

WEDNESDAY, May 2, 1838—Jockey Club Purse $600, ent $75; free for all ages; 2 yr. olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.
Thos. J. Wells' ch. m. *Linnet*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Object by Marshal Ney, 6 y 1 1
Smith & Chinn's b. h. *Arbaces*, by Bertrand, out of Virginia by Rosicrucian, 5 yrs.. 2 2
A. Haralson's b. c. *Tom Paine*, by Clinton, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs........ dist.
Time, 5:52½—5:52.

The meeting commenced with the above race—the track was in good order, and the weather beautiful. Linnet was the favorite at odds against the field. Arbaces was entirely off, and was entered to make sport. With a fair start they got off, Arbaces having the lead, which he kept until near the middle of the third round, when Linnet collared and instantly passed him, winning the heat without any further trouble.

In the second heat Arbaces again took the lead, Linnet running a few lengths behind, in hand, until she entered the 2d mile, when she came up, made a severe brush with Arbaces, who maintained himself gallantly, but ultimately gave way to Linnet, who won handily.

THURSDAY, May 3—Jockey Club Purse $1000, ent. $100; free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats.
Josh. Boswell's b. c. *Joshua Bell*, by Frank, dam by Little John, 4 yrs........ 1 1
W. R. Barrow's b. c. *Pressure*, by Trumpator, out of Eliza Jenkins by Sir William of Transport, 4 yrs........ 2 dr
Fergus Duplantier's b. f. *Louisianese*, by Whalebone, out of Polly Powell by Virginian, 4 yrs........ dist.
Time, 8:39.

The interest felt in the result of the above race was immense. For weeks back it was understood that Pressure, Joshua Bell, and Dick Chinn would come together, and the betting was consequently very animated. A few days before the race Dick let down in a trial, and consequently was not in a condition to be entered. Up to the time of starting the friends of each horse put up their blunt with perfect confidence. Pressure was the favorite at 100 to 75. Owing to a storm the night before, the track was in a bad state. At the appointed hour the horses made their appearance upon the course, Joshua looking fine as silk, while Pressure was dull and heavy. Louisianese was entirely out of the betting—her owner, Mr. DUPLANTIER, merely entered her to know what she could do with the two cracks. The attendance was numerous, and the course presented a variegated scene—the Ladies Stand was crowded with the beauty and fashion of East and West Feliciana, while the field was covered with jovial sportsmen on spirited horses. At the usual time they were called up, when Louisianese drew the track. At the word "go" they got off, Louisianese taking the lead, followed by Joshua, Pressure in the rear—he soon came into action, however, and, in company with Joshua, passed Louisianese. Now came the tug of war—all was anxiety,—away they went neck and neck. To the astonishment of all, Pressure now began to fall back.—"What can be the matter with him?" asked his friends. Away went Joshua, quite at his ease, and distanced Louisianese in the 2d round. It was now quite evident that Pressure was perfectly dead, and run down by trial runs—Joshua could have distanced him with the greatest ease, but he was pulled up by his rider, and came home in a trot.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $250 a-side, catch weights, Mile heats.
Robt. Smith's ch. f. *Lavinia*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Napoleon, 3 yrs. 1 1
A. Haralson's b. f. *Delphine*, by Dungannon, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs........ 2 2
Time, 1:53—1:55.

FRIDAY, May 4—Jockey Club Purse $400, ent. $50; free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.
Fergus Duplantier's gr. c. *Roderick Dhu*, by Merlin, dam by Bagdad, 4 yrs........ 1 1
Robt. Wooding's ch. h. *Livingston*, by Crusader, out of Patty Puff by Pacolet, 5 yrs 3 2
Robt. Smith's gr. h. *Daniel O'Connell*, by Sir Henry Tonson, dam by Sir Harry, 6 y 2 dis
Smith & Chinn's b. c. *Arbaces*, pedigree above, 5 yrs........ 5 dis
W. R. Barrow's b. c. *Dick Haile*, by Sir Charles, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs........ 4 dr
Time, 3:53½—3:52.

The attendance upon the field was again numerous, the day fine and clear, and the track in excellent order. The sport was pretty good, and afforded much gratification to the company. Roderick was rather the favourite, and with Livingston was freely backed against the field; at the tap of the drum they got away, Roderick leading, with Dick Haile alongside, Daniel behind, having got a bad start, but he soon came up, passed Arbaces and Livingston, who were trailing behind, and made a push at Roderick—the struggle for the last quarter was severe, and the pace killing. Roderick ultimately made a desperate rush, and left Daniel in the rear, winning the heat by several lengths.

2d heat.—For this heat only four came up, Dick Haile having been drawn—the contest was now entirely between Roderick and Livingston; Arbaces was evidently off, and as for Daniel, the weight killed him. Roderick again took the lead at the jump, with Livingston well up; they made several beautiful runs, but Roderick had too much foot for him, and won the heat handily—Arbaces and Daniel O'Connell were distanced.

SATURDAY, May 5—Jockey Club Purse $775, ent. $150; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Fergus Duplantier's (Wm. J. Minor's) imp. br. f. *Britannia*, by Muley, out of Nancy, Longwaist's dam, 4 yrs........ 1 1 1
Alexander Barrow's ch. m. *Lilac*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, 6 yrs........ 2 3 2
Robt. Smith's ch. f. *Lavinia*, pedigree above, 3 yrs........ 3 2 dis
Time, 1:54—1:53½—1:55.

Again another beautiful day, which with the galaxy of beauty that was upon the Course, presented a splendid sight. For the race Lilac was the favourite 2 to 1 with the crowd, though her owners had no confidence in her order, and were afraid of betting freely. Britannia had the track, Lilac inside, and the beautiful Lavinia outside; Britannia and Lavinia went off neck and neck—Lilac soon came into play, and went to her work in her old style; she soon collared Britannia, and away they went, neck and neck; for half a mile the pace was dreadful—too much for the order of Lilac, who dropped behind. Lavinia finding that Lilac was done, came up, but it was no go, Britannia winning easily.

2d heat.—Britannia again led off, followed by Lavinia, Lilac a long way in the rear; owing to the bad start which she got, it was expected she would have been distanced, but she soon recovered the ground and dropped in within the distance stand, Britannia winning also this heat with ease.

3d heat.—Britannia again had her own way; Lilac made a desperate rally, but it would not do—Lavinia was distanced.

New Jersey Game Law.—We learn from the Germantown (Pa.) Telegraph that according to a recent law of our sister State, no partridge, moorfowl, grouse, quail or rabbit, shall be killed, except between the first of November and tenth of January; and no woodcock except between the fifth July and the first January. The penalty for the violation of the provisions, is a fine of one dollar for each of the aforesaid birds destroyed—the person in whose possession the same may be found, to be "taken and adjudged as the killer and destroyer of the game." The law we consider a good one, and we should like to see it imitated in this State, where much of the little game we have, is destroyed out of season, by gangs of worthless men and boys, who are to be found in every community, "with nothing to do and less to eat."

English Sporting Intelligence.

State of the Odds, April 15.

The past week's betting, taken in the aggregate, has shown something of improvement both in extent and character, although still far below the customary average at this season. The ensuing meetings at Newmarket will no doubt give an impetus to it, and at the same time effect some important changes in the positions of those favorites which now occupy the "high places" in the list. On Monday the most striking alteration was in Bamboo, who was reported to have had a very favorable trial with Cowboy and Callisto; the first odds betted against him were 25 to 1 to a score, but the offers against him diminished so rapidly, that in less than half an hour he was in great request at 18 to 1, and at the close stood firmly at 16 to 1 (takers). Alemdar and Young Rowton were at one time rather on the go; but at the finish 14 to 1 was taken with some degree of spirit about the former, and he seemed likely, from the quarters in which the money was laid out, to keep his ground. Nonplus was backed at 18 to 1, and advanced two or three points before the close of the day. Cobweb, Grey Momus, Ion, The Early Bird, Bullion, Cobham, and D'Egville were in the market at the same prices as on the 5th inst. Conservator rose to 30 to 1, takers, his party, as it has been all along, being very limited in number. Beggarman, Bretby, Drum Major, and Amato were also in favor at lower prices than on the previous Thurseay. No others were mentioned. There was some talk about the Oaks, but no betting. Business on Thursday corroborated the movements of Monday. Bamboo sprung to 13 to 1, taken rather freely, and Nonplus restored to his old place. Cobweb was also a shade better, while Alemdar, Young Rowton, Early Bird, Bullion, and D'Egville, although not quoted in euch instance at the same figures, did not vary in reality from the positions they occupied at the beginning of the week. No change in the 30 to 1 division, and nothing done on the Oaks to deserve particular notice. The Riddlesworth appears to be settled; 9 to 4 offered currently on Cobweb, whose opponents are not expected to be either numerous or formidable; this stake, in fact, is not likely to have any material influence on the Derby betting. There is one, however, on the list, that is calculated to afford a good public trial—viz., the 200 Sovs. Sweepstakes on Thursday, in which Cobweb will have to meet Don John, whose running last season was full of promise. As Brother to Cactus is also in it, three great stables will have an opportunity of getting "a line" for the Derby.

Bell's Life in London.

DOINGS AT NEWMARKET.—*Friday, April 6th.*—[From the Sunday Times.]—The town is all a-stir—

"Painters here, plasterers there,
Rubbings, scrubbings, everywhere."

The busiest preparations are on foot for the comfort and accommodation of visitors, and for "the race—the race—the glorious race." The lists are out; how the jockey boys are devouring them with their eager eyes! Lots of sport, my lads. Racing on Saturday, too.—"Exultemus." Lord Jersey and Lord Lichfield, Mr. Greville, Col. Anson, and Capt. Angerstein took a look round last Saturday. Lord Jersey's "select" were tried on that day, and sweated on Tuesday—the crack is in excellent trim. On Sunday Lord Stradbroke's Fifer, Beggarman, and two 2 yr. old colts, one by Taurus, the other by Priam, arrived. They are under the care of Richard Ludlow, who had last year the training of Caravan. Beggarman is not without a "tail" of friends, who confidently opine that he will be up before the Early Bird on the Derby day, and will not have to "go a begging" for a good place. "Fere libenter homines id quod volunt credunt." Scott sweated 16 on Monday, but Nonplus was not of the party. He has not been seen for several days. It is thought that he now plays "the walking gentleman" instead of Young Rowton; the latter is in full work again. Lord Lichfield's nags were tried on Tuesday. Dormouse, Mus, Skilleygolee, Allerston, and Fairy Queen sweated on Wednesday; Fifer and Beggarman on Thursday. Lord Suffield's were tried this afternoon (Friday), in presence of his Lordship and Captain Byng. Lord Exeter arrived on Thursday, to review the troop under Turner's command; and Mr. Bond and Mr. Osbaldeston are expected to have "first turn" at "trialing" on Saturday. It may be as well to mention that Mr. Houldsworth's Brother to Circassian goes remarkably well.

The veteran rough-rider, Jerry Harris, died this day at one o'clock. We can safely assert that a better rider was never employed in the difficult, and not unfrequently very dangerous business of training. No matter how vicious or unruly a horse might be with others, he would fearlessly mount him, and in a very short time subdue his temper entirely to his will. Alas! poor Jerry!

DEATH OF VIVIAN.—This celebrated steeple chaser is no more; he died of inflammation three days after the run at Daventry. He ought to have a public funeral, and Beecher walk as chief mourner.

The valuable racing stud of the late Rev. John Nanney will be sold by auction by Messrs. Tattersall, at Sidebotham's stables, on Delamere Forest, near Tarporley, Cheshire, on Thursday, April 26th.

It is reported that Lord Chesterfield's ch. h. *Hornsea*, by Velocipede, has broken down.

Doncaster Gaz.

A "LITTLE-GO" AT MANCHESTER.—The lovers of "match-making," in the shape of a "five miler," two out and three in, had their hobby in part gratified on the beautiful evening of Thursday last, on the Stretford-road, five miles from Manchester. The contending parties were well known for their game, each officiating in the stirrups for himself, and as a wag present said, "were as sanguine of doing "the trick" in as gem-like a style as ever Sam Chiffney turned "Tattenham corner" on "the Derby Day." Mr. Edmundson, of Manchester, mounted his aged brown horse, and Mr. Taylor, of Stretford, his five year old bay mare. The bay dashed off with the lead, and maintained it without breaking in crack style, going in the winner by about ten yards. The horse was booked at 7 to 5 to win; and in the opinion of the knowing ones, would have been the victor easily, had he not broke eight times during the contest. Mr. Edmundson also rode twenty-five pounds heavier than his opponent. After the event, offers were made by the losers to come the game again, and lay 20 to 10, but it was no go; it is, however, probable the pluck of the lucky ones will again fetch them to "the scratch;" if so, we shall take care to have our eye to the "second edition." In the interim, we may add, that the show of the admirers of blood, bottom, and pace was, on Thursday, quite in keeping with the spirit of the county. The stake, we believe, was £10 to £8 on the mare.

TROTTING AT HALL'S GROUND, CAMBERWELL.—On Monday last a silver cup was trotted for and won by Mr. Pardy's *Gipsy*, against a field of three horse, consisting of Mr. Barton's *Tryall*, Mr. Collins's bay colt, and Mr. Webster's bay horse. Heats. Gipsy won both beats without breaking, and at starting was the favorite against the field. A good deal of money was betted.

NEW TROTTING MATCH.—*Gipsy*, the winner of the cup, while the company were drinking success to her, was matched to trot one mile over Blackheath, at 3 o'clock on Wednesday week, for 20 gs., against Mr. Webster's bay horse. Weight for inches. The contending parties are to meet at the King's Head, West Smithfield, on Tuesday evening next, at seven o'clock, when another match is expected to be made.

MOSCOW.—We understand that a St. Leger stake is established for the first time at Moscow this year, to which there are already 13 subscribers. A correspondent informs us that there are no less than 150 horses now in training in Russia for the ensuing season.

Captain Richardson's *Deceiver* left York on Friday week, on his way to Eglinton Park Meeting.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster have arrived at Halkin-house, in Flintshire, from Eaton Hall. The Marquis will run his horses at the Holywell Race, and afterwards come up to Grosvenor-house for the season.

We are happy to learn that, although Mr. Westropp has, since the late Newcastle races, been confined to his bed, the fever and pain have much abated, and no serious consequences are apprehended.

MAYO HUNTING CLUB.—Several sporting gentlemen of the county of Mayo have been endeavoring to establish a Hunting Club on a respectable scale. A very numerous meeting was held on the subject at Ballyglass on Wednesday last, and upward of £260 were subscribed on the spot. It is intended to purchase a splendid pack of fox-hounds.

ASHBOURN.—Mr. Russell's br. m. *Irish*, by Sir Hercules, won a race by two first heats, beating a field of twelve. This is the first of Sir Hercules's produce that has started this Spring in Ireland. Mr. G. Payne bought *Policy* of Lord Howth for 400 gs., and he has gone to Newmarket to be "sent along" by old Sam.

The person in whose name *Seth* is nominated for the Derby is dead.

THE TURF IN AMERICA.—It is a matter of proud gratification to us, in running our race to gain a prominent place among the first sporting journals of this country, to find that we have won the notice and good wishes of some kindred soul in the New World, who has kindly forwarded us long and interesting accounts of the turf proceedings in America, which strongly illustrate the fact, that however many in happy England may doubt as to the advantages of the turf in a national point of view, friend Jonathan, who loves wealth as well as his neighbors, is lively awake to the advantages derived from its promotion; and, *anti-Dennison like*, is doing all he can to foster and support it. We regret our columns, this week, will not permit us to give more than a short extract or two. America this season has no less than 127 stallions advertised to cover in different parts of the country; among which we notice the following old acquaintances. Yorkshireman, 14th April.

[Here follows a list of the English stallions standing in this country, with their terms, &c., from the Annual List published in the Spirit of the Times.]

A few days ago, as Mr. John Bannock, gamekeeper to Sir Edward Blount, Bart., at Cleobury Mortimer, was going his evening rounds through the woods in search of a woodcock on the wing, he shot at one and killed it; almost on the instant,

or before he could re-load the discharged barrel, a couple of cocks rose in a direct line, which he instantly shot at with the remaining barrel, and brought both down; thus killing three cocks at two shots—a remarkacle circumstance in the annals of woodcock shooting.

PEDESTRIANISM.—The match of Sutton, the Kentish pedestrian, of walking one mile backwards, one mile forwards, driving a wheelbarrow one mile, running a wheel one mile, and running one mile, and picking up 50 stones placed one yard apart, was won by his completing the whole in two minutes and 12 seconds under the given time (one hour), on a quarter of a mile piece of ground on the Bath road, near the King and Queen, Hounslow.

ANOTHER MATCH OF SUTTON'S.—This pedestrian has been backed to perform the same distance as that accomplished last week in 56 minutes. The start will take place from the Horse and Groom, Ealing-green, on a quarter of a mile piece of ground; and on Tuesday and Wednesday he will run a wheel eight miles within the hour. There are other minor things coming off the same day.

Mr. George Payne bought *Policy* of Lord Howth, after winning two races at Croxton Park, for 400 gs. He is gone to Samuel Chiffney, at Newmarket.

A trotting match against time came off on Monday last between Newark and Chailey, for £10 aside. The owner, a gentleman between sixty and seventy years of age, rode his celebrated pony Fly ten miles in forty-seven minutes. The old gentleman was only allowed one mile to perform the task in, consequently, had nine turns to make. The pony stands thirteen hands high.

A match between two small ponies was run on Saturday week in the Champs Elysees. Although they were ridden by jockies out of all proportion to their own size, the winner performed the distance, from the Barriere de l'Etoile to the Place de la Concorde and back, in eight minutes. He had only arrived two days from the Limousin, where he was bred, and had a decided advantage over his adversary, which came from England.

Colonel Conyers, of Copt Hall, in Essex, will entertain during the holidays, a large sporting party, including Lord de Lisle, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, Messrs. Delme Radcliffe, Abbott, Sir John Tyrrel, Bart., Mr. Bramston, &c.

RIFLE SHOOTING.—On Tuesday, the 10th inst., a gentleman residing at Burton-on-Trent, killed a hare from the shoulder *without rest*, at the great distance of 260 *measured yards* (a strong side wind blowing at the time), with a rifle gun, made by that skilful workman, Mr. Court, of Stafenhill, near Burton.

SALMON FISHING.—Since the opening of the Tweed on the 15th Feb. last, till last week, very few salmon have been taken with the rod. This is to be attributed not to the scarcity of fish in the water, but to the river being kept almost perpetually flooded for some weeks past by the melting of the snow. This week the sport has been in general good, and especially on Tuesday, when a considerable number of salmon were killed. On that day his Grace the Duke of Roxburghe caught in his own water eleven, and Colonel Childers, in the Sprouston Water, 14 salmon. Several other gentlemen were also very successful in the Makerstoun water.

EXTRAORDINARY TAKE OF MULLET.—One day last week between 3000 and 4000 remarkably fine mullet were enclosed in one sean at Whitesend Bay, near the Land's End, and afterwards sold at Penzance for 6d each.

N. Britton's man is matched to pick up 300 stones with his mouth, placed one yard the whole distance, 51¼ miles, in 9½ successive hours, to take place to-morrow (April 16) at the 2½ mile stone, Shepherd's Bush. The pedestrian to start at 9 o'clock. The match is for 10 sovs. J. Murphy and R. Reynolds will, after the conclusion of the above, jump in sacks 100 yards, for one sovereign aside, at the same place.

MOVEMENTS AT NEWMARKET.

FRIDAY NIGHT, April 13.—Sir,—John Day's lot arrived per van yesterday, consisting of Seth (for the Craven Stakes), the Bodach Glas, and Mr. Bigg's Clara; they walked out of the vans near the ditch, and had a canter. Cobweb, Young Rowton, Richard Roe, Albemarle, Jereed, Epirus, Scroggins, Cobham, and the Tranby colt have sweated, and are quite "fit." Cobweb was tried yesterday, but the result is not known. Young Rowton looks and goes well: Policy arrived on Wednesday at Sam Chifney's, to lead gallops for him. Nonplus has been in physic, but is "all right." Arrivals:—Lord Jersey, Mr. Elwes, Mr. Greville, Mr. Irby, Captain Byng, Lord John Fitzroy, &c. &c. X. Z.

NEWMARKET, FRIDAY NIGHT.—[From a correspondent.]—The good folks of Newmarket are looking forward to a full meeting next week, and the usual preliminaries of painting, cleaning, and otherwise preparing to welcome their visitors, have been put in full operation. The Heath is in beautiful condition, and since the frost has enabled the horses to go on with their work without intermission, and make up for the long rest which they experienced. There are an immense number in work, and as far as the eye can discriminate, going on well, particularly the following:—Lord Jersey's Cobweb colt, Silenus, Sepoy, Bamboo, Caravan, Calista, a long string of Lord Exeter's, including Troilus, Dardanelles, Corban, Alemdar, &c., Jereed (who sweated on Thursday), The Carpenter, Mango, St. Vitus, Mic Mac, Fairy Queen, Mahometan, Allerston, Inuendo, and Rat-trap. Phosphorus (whose engagements being void in consequence of the death of his late owner) will be sold on Tuesday. Two caravans came from Stockbridge on Thursday, containing Seth, the winner of a stake at Epsom, Mr. Bigg's Clara, engaged in the Stockton Stakes, and Bodach Glas, by Langar, out of Fairy.

Bell's Life in London.

THE DERBY.

To the Editor of the London Age.—SIR—I am sure it will give your sporting readers most sincere pleasure to hear that Lady Chesterfield is perfectly restored to health, and will grace the ensuing Craven meeting with her distinguished and fostering presence. It is not only because the Heath would be shorn of a great deal of its beauty, without the amiable and lovely Countess and her fair sister, the Honorable Mrs. Anson, but for other reasons that materially affect the well-being and stability of the turf. I know the fascinating influence the softer sex have over the lords of the creation, in the choice of their amusements, but more particularly in this one. I will give one or two modern instances. Lord Verulam never would have withdrawn but for her Ladyship; and Lady Suffield, I know, felt not the slightest interest in the Turf—hence his Lordship is about retiring, and his well-selected stud brought to the hammer.

The Derby betting has at length assumed a character so marked and interesting that a few observations on the relative positions of the favorites and their pretensions, will neither be out of place nor unseasonable.

Lord Jersey's *Cobweb* colt (jocosely called *splendid*), is one of the most magnificent animals I ever saw. He appears to possess all the requisites of a racer;—size, action, power, and speed. His blood on the side of the dam is undeniable; but great and well-founded doubts are entertained whether he will ever be brought to the post, not only from the severe accident he met with when a yearling, but the dam, although she has produced the best horses of the year, is not famed for breeding them very sound—witness, *Bay Middleton* and *Achmet*, both of which were cripples at three years old, and given up by Lord Jersey. It is true, *Bay Middleton* pulled through the Derby, but I hold that it was with great good fortune, for it is now notorious that he *always had a suspicious joint*. *Achmet* failed last year in his Derby preparation also from a *joint*.

There are shrewd men, and men of "*Greater-ex*"-perience than I am, who will not "have him at any price." Still he has a host of friends, and none more zealous than the Hon. Mr. *Hardby*, a gallant Colonel *Hardbigh*; and lately a Mr. *Warrall*, besides lots of small fry, such as *Rougebrow*, *Two-Keane*, &c., &c., &c., who *appear* willing to back, but certainly are at all times ready to *bear up for him*. A report, originating with a celebrated hard-riding Marquis (not Clanricarde), that he was "gone," was generally credited; but Tattersall's, the true barometer as to the health or powers of a horse in the Derby, soon undeceived those whose wishes were "father to the thought," for there he stood in his proud pre-eminence as first favorite; the highest offer only 6 to 1 against him. It would be curious to speculate how his engagements are likely to affect him in the betting before he starts for the Derby; but, as I should occupy too much space, I will only remark on two of them. His first race is the *Riddlesworth*, which, according to present appearances, will hardly be a watering gallop for him; for an Hon. Captain, as celebrated for his excellent handicapping and promotion of sport at Newmarket as he is for every manly and gene-*rous* attribute, betted freely 2 to 1 on him. This created no *surprise*. The engagement that will try him to the utmost is when he meets *Don John*.

That Lord Jersey will start I have not the slightest doubt, as I only recollect one instance of Lord Jersey offering to compromise, which was with *Glencoe* against *Plenipo*; but whether the *Scotts* can withstand the golden opportunity of having *Don John* the first favorite for the *St. Leger*, thereby nibbling two or three thousand pounds by laying against him, remains to be proved; my opinion is that *Don John* will be amiss, and we shall have Bill Scott chaffing—"Oh! had my horse been well, I should have made the big brute lay down."

The *Cobweb colt* will not start for the Derby.

Nonplus, the second favorite, was comparatively shelved all the winter until a few weeks since, when a strong commission from the North made him first favorite. He then retrograded for a week or so, when a *Payneful* sensation was created on the odds layers, by nearly a thousand pounds being laid out by one gentleman famous for his "pots," although he invariably drops his "tin." This gentleman once made a bit of a "*Rush*" at Heaton-park, but I fear ever since it has been *no-go*. Again, however, was *Nonplus* on the decline, and again propped up by an individual the very antipodes of un*just*.

Grey Momus's favoritism is mainly attributable to a (commissioned) *Spicey* speculator, and to the fact that Lord George Bentinck, his noble owner, has given such wholesome proofs of his superior jockeyship, that it is only for him to appear in earnest, and the whole betting fraternity will follow suit; he could make a donkey first favorite. His Lordship is a perfect turf *Rothschild*. *Grey Momus* has no earthly chance to win the Derby. Can any thing be more ridiculous than the position of *Grey Momus* and *Ion* in the betting? *Eleven* to *one* taken freely to thousands about the former; whilst 16 to 1 goes begging against the latter; yet *Ion* has beaten *Grey Momus* in a common trot, *and will do so again.*

D'Egville, in the same stable, is "gone;" he either has a leg, or something *leggish* in contemplation.

Early Bird, owing to *Saul's* running at Coventry, is fourth favorite, but a bad horse to back; he is sure to be tried with *Ion*, actually or collaterally, when he will have something more to do than he has hitherto had.

Ion is the fifth favorite, and in my opinion ought to be first. He is a "wiry" horse, and belongs to a "wiry" master, both horse and master most difficult to beat, at least thus thinks his Grace of Portland; for when Lord George Bentinck was entering his horses in the name of Mr. Bowes, and the match was running between *Grey Momus* and Colonel Peel's *Vulture* for £1,000, I overheard the following colloquy between his Grace and Lady Alice Peel:—

The Duke—Lady Alice, do you know who this Mr. Bowe is?

Lady Alice—I don't know, I can't imagine, Dukey.

Duke—He must be a bold man, or have plenty of money, to make a match for a thousand with Colonel Peel.

Lady Alice—Do you think so, Dukey?

And the now delighted Lady Alice (for *Vulture* had won), gracefully bidding her adieus to the Duke, drove away to receive the congratulations of her friends.

Bamboo and Lord Suffield, Mr. G. Payne and *Young Rowton*, Scott and his lot, Mr. Bond and his donkeys, I will notice in my next.

Yours, as a matter of *course*, eternally,

Tatt's Corner, Friday. TOM TOUCH'EMUP.

MAGNIFICENT SPORT.

The following, abridged from an Indian publication (the Indian Iris), is worthy of record, as showing on what a gigantic scale such proceedings are conducted in the Eastern world:—

"This morning, Dec. 11th, our fort (St. George, Madras), exhibited a grand and animating appearance, the above being the day set apart for the Governor's (Lord Elphinstone) tiger hunt. At an early hour his Excellency, accompanied by his suite, took his departure in a splendid palanquin, borne on the shoulders of eight negroes, all arrayed in their fanciful native dresses. Those who were to take part in the sport followed his Lordship, borne in the same manner, the horses to be used on the occasion being led by attendants. Many Indians of high rank were there, whose many colored apparel and rich shawls, ornamented with gems of inestimable worth, catching the rays of an Oriental sun, invested the pageant with something of a magical character. Upon reaching the appointed jungle, a tent was opened, under which the parties partook of a slight repast; after which the boundary was encircled by soldiers, placed at regular intervals from each other, so as to be able to pierce the beasts which escaped the weapons of the hunters. This, and other preliminaries arranged, Lord Elphinstone and his companions mounted their horses, and the tigers were let loose, to a flourish of brazen instruments, the clamor of which had a most imposing effect; the sounds, which at first seemed to break open the earth, gradually (from the circuit they had to travel) lessening away, except at intervals, when the vibrations arose upon the ear, as though, after traversing the mighty plains and hills, they were about to return to the spot they had been at first sent forth from. In a few seconds, the tigers, seeming to rejoice in their freedom, bounded along at a rate which was all but equalled by that of the twenty horsemen who followed. As the latter approached, guns were fired, and javelins thrown at the pursued beasts, some of whom received wounds that materially exhausted their powers, while others, rendered desperate from the same cause, gathered up their remaining energies, and after dashing impetuously along, suddenly sunk down dead. Some notion will be formed of the skill of the hunters when it is stated that the interference of the guards of the boundary was not in one single instance called into action. In the evening the distinguished party returned to the fort, amid the enthusiastic acclamations of the people, who had come out purposely to hail their very popular Governor and his friends.

HINTS FOR PREVENTION OF DISORDERS IN HORSES.

STABLES.

Stables should be lofty, light and airy, and should never contain more than six or eight horses. They are in general kept too close and hot.

Too much clothing also is usually put upon the horses, which thus become so tender, that they catch cold upon every slight exposure to a cool air.

The doors and windows of stables should be thrown open when the horses are out, but care must be taken that a cold current of air does not immediately blow upon them when in the stable, particularly if they are heated.

It is a bad practice to allow horses to stand upon litter in the day-time, except they are unwell or fatigued.

FOOD.

The quantity and quality of a horse's food should invariably be regulated by the exercise and fatigue he has to undergo; high feeding, without proportionate work, produces half the disorders to which horses are subject.

Good hay is of much consequence to horses engaged in active exercises; but it should be given in small quantities during the day; and when owing to bad weather, the horses cannot be exercised, they should be stinted both in their hay and corn; and a bundle or two of clean wheat straw may be put before them. All grain given to horses, would be more nutritive if bruised in a mill and mixed occasionally with chopt straw. Carrots are a most wholesome food, and of all roots, rank next to corn in point of nourishment. They are particularly serviceable when a horse's wind is affected.

When horses are first taken from grass they should be gradually brought to a dry diet by giving them carrots, lucerne, bran mashes, &c., with their hay. After a few days a small quantity of oats may be given, and the feed increased by degrees till they come to their full allowance. They should likewise be put into a cool stable, and have plenty of walking exercise. If such precautions were attended to, a great saving might be made, both of physic and the horse's constitution.

WATER.

Pond water, if it lie on a clay bottom and be sweet, agrees best with horses; hard water may be improved by throwing some chalk or clay into it, and exposing it in cisterns to the open air.

It is proper to let the water, intended for the horses, stand for some hours in the stables before it is used.

Water should be offered to horses frequently; they would then never drink large quantities of it at a time, which is particularly hurtful to them when heated by exercise. It is a good and safe plan when travelling, &c., always to mix hot water enough with their cold to take off the chill.

EXERCISE.

A horse's exercise should be proportioned to his strength, manner of feeding, and the labour required of him. He ought however, to have at least two hours of daily exercise.

Horses should not be ridden fast after having been newly fed and watered. A fat horse requires a long course of moderate exercise before he can safely be put to trot, which is violent.

It should be a general rule to ride a horse slowly at the beginning of a stage; afterwards increase the pace, and slacken it again a mile or two before the end of it, so as to bring him tolerably cool into the stable.

If horses come in very warm, they should be walked about gradually till cool, their feet should then be pricked, and all dirt and gravel carefully washed out. In hot weather, washing their legs is proper, but they should always be well rubbed afterwards. In winter, cold water is injurious to the heels, and apt to bring on swelling and the grease.

Horses should on no account be permitted to stand uncovered in the stable, much less at the stable doors after being much heated, except the weather be very warm. Road horses should in the middle of a long stage have half a pail of water mixed with a little oatmeal; and on a journey, if no other corn but what is soft and new can be procured, oatmeal just moistened with water, or some coarse bread, should be given in preference to such corn, which is extremely unwholesome. If a horse grow costive, let him have some mashes of scalded bran or malt. If he have any difficulty in staleing only, an ounce of nitre may be given in his food for a few nights.

Should he be seized with a violent fit of the gripes, let him be bled, back-raked, and have a glyster of three or four quarts of water gruel mixed with eight ounces of glauber or common salt.

The best instrument for giving a glyster is an ox bladder, that will hold two or three quarts, tied to the end of a wooden pipe about fourteen inches long, one inch and a half diameter where the bag is tied, and of a gradual taper to the extremity, where the thickness should suddenly increase, and be rounded off at the point, and made as smooth as possible. The hole through the pipe may be made sufficiently large to admit the end of a common funnel for pouring the liquor into the bag; no other force is requisite to throw it up, than the holding the bag a little higher than the level of the pipe. If in consequence of violent inflammation and pain, and opiates should be necessary, a table spoonful of laudanum may be given in a pint of water.

Should a horse be touched in his wind, be very careful that he has only moderate quantities of food and water. Two spoonfuls of tar mixed with the yolk of an egg given in a morning fasting will be of great service to him when travelling. In hot dry weather, it is useful to stop horse's feet at night with a mixture of soft clay and cow dung, and to moisten them frequently with water.

FRICTION.

The currying, brushing, and rubbing down horses is of great importance, not only to their coats, but also to their general health; when these operations are neglected, or slightly performed, an obstruction takes place in the pores of the skin producing mange, &c., and the hair instead of being smooth and shining, stares, and stands on end. Nothing tends so much to prevent grease and swelling of the legs as frequent hard rubbing and carefully cleaning the heels.

TRIMMING.

The ears of horses are covered with a short down in the inside, mixed with larger hairs, to prevent cold air, rain, dust and flies from hurting the internal ear. The trimming therefore this part, is very prejudicial to the horse.

PHYSIC.

It is advisable to prepare a horse for physic by giving him bran mashes for a day or two.

The morning is the best time for giving a purgative, the horse having previously fasted for two or three hours; during this day, he is to be kept in the stable, and fed with bran mashes, and a very moderate quantity of hay. He may be allowed to drink plentifully of warm water, and if he refuses it warm, let the chill only just be taken off. On the following morning he is to be gently exercised, when the medicine will generally begin to operate, and he is to be plentifully supplied with bran mashes and warm water. Warm clothing, particularly when he is out of the stable, is highly necessary.

On the next day the purging will generally have ceased; then a small quantity of corn may be allowed.

When physic does not operate at the usual time, the horse appearing sick and griped, relief may be had by giving a glyster of water-gruel and making him drink freely of warm water, which should be assisted by exercise.

When purging balls are given to horses the head should be kept up, and care taken that the ball pass down the gullet, which may easily be discovered sliding down from the outside.

Mr. Clarke advises a bran mash to be given an hour before the physic.

The following formulæ are chiefly taken from White's Farriery.

Purging Balls.

No. 1.

Succotrine Aloes	7 dr.
Prepared Natron	2 dr.
Ginger powdered	1 dr.
Oil of Carraways	10 drops.

Syrup of Buckthorn enough to make the Ball.

This dose is sufficient for a strong horse. For a weak or small horse six drams of Succotrine Aloes would be sufficient.

No. 2.

Succotrine Aloes	1 oz.
Cream of Tartar	4 dr.
Ginger powdered	2 dr.

Syrup of Buckthorn to form the Ball.

Poultice.

Take of fine bran one quart, pour on it a sufficient quantity of boiling water to make a thin paste, and linseed powder enough to give it a proper consistence.

Diuretic Balls.

Castile Soap	4 oz.
Powdered Rosin and Nitre	2 oz.
Oil of Juniper	½ oz.

Linseed powder and syrup enough to give it a proper consistence. To be divided into six balls for strong, and eight for delicate horses.

Diuretic Balls should be taken at night and worked off the next morning, allowing the horse plenty of water.

Alterative Powders.

An ounce of Nitre mixed with a quarter of an ounce of Sulphur given morning and night for a fortnight or three weeks is a safe and useful alterative.

Astringent Ointment for the Grease.

Hogs Lard	4 oz.
Oil of Turpentine	2 dr.
Acerated Water of Litharge	½ oz.

The London Sportsman.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF BLOOD STOCK.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—Writers in the papers recently have suggested some interesting propositions and ideas relative to our blood stock. I wish to add my mite of a few thoughts on that subject too. I am one of those who think my country the best on earth, and of course, everything it contains, man and beast, as good at least as those of any other. It has lately been the rage to import stock from abroad, particularly England, and too many of those have been disposed to think that what has been brought so far, and at such expense, must be better than common, and have, consequently, rather neglected those native advantages, which I shall contend we possess to a degree that should content us with their culture and improvement. So far from being behind England in stock, so as to be under the necessity of importing from thence, I predict, and a few years will prove its fulfilment, that England will be tired of her present system of raising *fleet ones*, only, and will be sending to this country for such as shall restore her race horse to his old form of beauty and strength. We can beat her now if she will run heats. Our *second rate* four mile horses, I sincerely believe, will beat her *best* four milers, if they are made to repeat according to our customs. And I shall not be surprised to find some of our spirited Turfmen soon entering on such an enterprize, and beating England on her own dunghill with American racers. I do not deny that she has stock of the good stout kind I like, but, then, they are not regarded as worthy of notice—they are not *fashionable*, because they cannot go one heat of four miles in 7:30 or 7:32. Modern English Turfmen must have a light, fligh-away, greyhound-looking thing, a mere fop on the race course, who can dash off for a few seconds at a killing pace, and then is done—has not the strength to repeat the heat, (probably in less time than the first,) and carries in the struggle a weight so trifling, that it should hardly be regarded as an *appendage* even of humanity. I object not to their stallions and brood mares being brought to this country if they are of the right kind—genuine blood—of perfect form and action, and that stoutness of frame which alone will qualify them for those useful purposes for which, at least in this country, I wish them destined. But I assert, and I point you to our numerous native stallions over the whole country, we have *such* in as great, and greater perfection and profusion than England herself can produce. In opposition to this, I know it is said, see how the get of the imported horses are carrying off all the purses throughout the country! Much of this cry, I know, is justly ascribed to the agency of interest; but even what truth is in it is accounted for in a more rational manner, and is attributable to our own temporary prejudice. We have said that too many among us think everything is best that is brought from abroad, and in the case of stock, what do we do? We send our *best* mares to these imported stallions—of course this itself would give the best colts These colts are now coming on the turf, and give their sires their reputation. Put the same mares to our native Bertrands, Mingos, Bascombes, Eclipses, Rodolphs, Henrys, Andrews, Hickory Johns, Post Boys, &c., and see then "how the cat jumps."* This is the true secret of the recent success of the get of most of the imported stallions; and the prejudice on which this cause is founded has nearly driven our native stallions out of competition, or forced them to be content with common mares at low prices. It will not long be so; prejudice on any subject can have but a short reign. The light of truth, which will be gained by experience, may not come all at once, but the gradual declension of our stock, as we come to breed our common mares to the generally light-formed, unsubstantial imported stallions, will open our eyes to our folly. For such want of substantial strength of form is objected to these importations, and its truth is rendered the more probable from the fact, that they formed the most fashionable stock of runners in England, (now of this unsubstantial formation,) and were bought, many of them at low prices, because they had either broke down, or were too old for the contests of the Turf.

There is another error in regard to stock of a different kind, that may be noticed in connexion with this—the improvement of our Milch Cows. Our farmers are sending here and there, to England, the North and West, for improved breeds of cows, when they would do much better by attending to the proper breeding and keeping of their common native kinds. The cattle they seek would hardly live here under this climate, and the stinted measure of good treatment they receive at our hands. They are not fitted to the quality or quantity of food they would receive here. They are large and unwieldy, too inactive to hunt with successful industry our scanty pastures, and too big to be satisfied with the poor morsel they may find. Our pasturages are too poor and unnutricious for cattle that have been fed on the clover farms of Kentucky and England. Our domestic husbandry is entirely different, and the half-starved large English cow soon looks here like a skeleton mammoth stalking over our sterile fields. We must learn to take better care of our native hardy and active sort, provide better for our feeding, winter and summer, before we undertake to keep an English or Kentucky cow as she was kept at home; and without such keeping she would not be worth having. She has been used to clover pastures, and would starve on the course, uncultivated grass of our common fields. The improvement we require is good feeding, and care of our native cows, who possess the activity and industry necessary to hunt our fields, and live on their scanty and common productions. Farmers feel too much as if they were throwing away what they give to their cows to have any but wooden ones; and the Kentucky and English cows are made of fine clover, oats, corn, and the richest productions of their rich farms, and require the same in plenty to repair the draining of the milk pail, and the ordinary waste of life. Pursue such a course with our common native breed, we mean the best of them, and there will be less hankering after foreign stock unsuited to our climate, agriculture, and cus-

* The only plausible objection to our native stallions lies in their being too near akin to the majority of the mares from which we breed, thus leading to the evils of *breeding in and in*, producing degeneration and perpetuating hereditary defects. For instance, in Virginia and North and South Carolina, most of the mares and stallions are descendants of Diomed and his sons, and in Tennessee, of Wonder and Pacolet, who were half brothers. The chief advantage of the imported stock, then, would be the crossing of the blood of those who have the remotest affinity.

toms. What do you suppose these Kentucky and English cattle now cost? and Kentucky has as good as the world can furnish. The writer was recently tendered the personal agency of one of Kentucky's first citizens in selecting such as he knew were of genuine blood, and forwarding them to order. He recommended such as were very young, little more than calves, as most likely to stand acclimation. Guess what they were to cost? It was not a matter of interest with our friend. *Such of the best selections could not be got for less than* **$500** *per head!* That amount would buy any man's stock of cattle in Georgia. And why? Because he keeps so many and feeds so badly, that they are not much larger than common goats, and look like our shad in June! Think you we would profit by importations of English or Kentucky cattle under such management of stock? I leave the answer to the reader. Under good feeding and care, and proper breeding, the better kinds of our native stock of cattle would become large, large enough to be thrifty, to be capable of that exertion, which the character of our common pasturage requires—and would amply repay in milk and butter the kind hands that would not spurn their grateful returns for the doubtful profit of strangers.

Augusta (Ga.) Constitutionalist. A FARMING TURFMAN.

CAMDEN & PHILADELPHIA RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING of 1838 will commence the Fourth Tuesday, 22d May, and continue four days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $300, ft. $100, Mile heats. Closed with 14 subs., viz:—

J. M. Selden names ch. f. by Sussex, out of the dam of Ann Page.
O. P. Hare names gr. f. by Andrew, dam by Oscar.
W Livingston names b. c. *Job*, by Eclipse, out of Jemima.
Also, " ch. c. *Nassau*, by Eclipse, out of Medora.
J. D. Kirby names ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lady Lagrange.
Wm. Wynn & J. N. Fletcher name b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Flirtilla.
R. C. Hemphill names br. f. by Sussex, out of Mary Robinson.
W. Gibbons names b. c. *Saracen*, by Am. Eclipse, out of Sally Slouch.
R. F. Stockton names b. f. *Caroline*, by Eclipse, out of Miss Mattie.
Also, " ch. c. *Windsor*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Powancey.
J. Hellings names b. f. by Medley, out of Imp. Invalid.
W. R. Johnson names b. c. by Mons Tonson, out of R. Sampson's Sir Charles mare.
Also, " b. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of Sally Trent.
Edm. Townes names b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Roanoke.

Same Day—Match, $600 a-side, Mile heats, between
Mr. Cochran's b. c. by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs., and
Mr. Kelly's ch. c. by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Escape, same age.
Second Day—Proprietor's Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Same Day—Match, $600 a-side, Mile heats, between
Mr. Kelly's ch. c. by Busiris, dam by Escape, 4 yrs., and
Mr. Cochran's ch. c. by Busiris, dam by Potomac.
Third Day—Purse $500, Three mile heats.
Same Day—Purse $100, Mile heats.
Fourth Day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four Mile heats.
Same Day—Purse $100, Mile heats. W. N. FRIEND.

Camden N. J., April. 19, 1838. [a21]

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH J. C. SPRING RACES.

THE above races will commence on the First Wednesday, 6th June, and continue four days.

First Day—For a Silver Pitcher, valued at $150, ent. $15, Mile heats.
Second Day—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. $15, Two mile heats.
Third Day—Jockey Club Purse $400, ent. $20, Three mile heats.
Fourth Day—Proprietor's Purse $100, ent. $15, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

[m12-4t] JAMES S. GARRISON, *Proprietor.*

St. MATTHEWS (S. C.) RACES.

THE Annual Races, over the Richardson Course, will commence on Tuesday, 8th January, 1839, and continue four days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1835, sub. $100, P.P., Two mile heats. Closed with nine subs, viz:—

John C. Singleton names b. c. by Godolphin, out of Young Lottery.
James B. Richardson names b. c. by Virginius, out of Financier.
Edward Richardson names br. f. by Godolphin, out of Miss Rock.
John Colclough names s. c. by Godolphin, dam by Kosciusko.
Donald Rowe names s. f. by Argyle, dam by Kosciusko.
Thos. Richardson names b. f. by Virginius, dam by Sir Archy.
P. McRa names b. f. by Bertrand Jr., out of Financier.
P. M. Butler names ch. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of Imp. Merryfield.
J. G. Guignard names b. f. by Dorken, out of Sortorius.

Second Day—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats. }
Third Day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats. } Free for all.
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats. }

[m12 8t] THOMAS OLIVER, *Secretary.*

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1838 will commence, over the Bascombe Course, on Tuesday, the 27th November, and continue five days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds Spring of 1838, sub $250, ft. $100, Dash of one mile; to name and close 1st Aug.; 4 or more to make a race.

Messrs. Nott & Fearn. | Col. Vance Johnston.
Col. Jas. S. Garrison. | Mr. David Stephenson.

Second Day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats	$500	Free for all ages.
Third Day—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats	700	
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats	1000	
Fifth Day—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5	300	

Sables and litter furnished gratis by the Proprietor. Five per cent. entrance to the Purses—free for all horses complying with the Rules of the Club.

F. K. WEST, *Sec'y.*

P. S. Entries to the Sweepstakes must be made in writing, addressed to the Secretary.

[apl21] F. K. W.

METAIRIE RACE COURSE, NEW ORLEANS.

THE FIRST FALL MEETING over this Course, will take place on the 2d Wednesday, 12th December, 1838.

First day—Mile heats, Purse	$500
Same day—Two mile heats	750
Second day—Three mile heats	1200
Third day—Four mile heats	2000
Fourth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5	700
Fifth day—Three mile heats, Proprietor's Purse	1000

The Nashville Rail Road, New Orleans Canal, the splendid shell road on the bank of the same (the finest carriage road in the Union), together with the Metairie Road, give more numerous and delightful means of approach to this, than any other.

JAMES S GARRISON,
RICHARD ADAMS, } *Proprietors.*
THOMAS J. WELLS,

New Orleans, April 15, 1838. [a28] S. M. READ, *Sec'y of the M. J. C.*

CULPEPER COURT HOUSE (Va.) SPRING RACES,

WILL commence on Thursday, the last day of May next, and continue three days, when the following prizes will be run for:—

1st. A Sweepstakes, Mile heats, for 3 year olds, to which there are 12 subs. of $100 each, h. ft. Closed.

2d. Same distance and age, and same entry. To close 1st April; 3 or more to make a race.

3d. Same age and distance; sub. $50, ft. $30; confined to Culpeper and the adjoining counties.

4th. A Stake for 4 year old colts raised in Culpeper, and some adjoining counties, One mile and repeat, sub. 50 bushels of wheat, paid this Fall, in some merchant mill, in the month of October next. Three or more to make a race.

5th. Proprietor's Purse $100, with the gate money of that day added, ent. $10; Two mile heats. [a7] WM. DUVAL.

SPANISH JACKS.

TWO very superior animals from the Pyrenees, measuring over 14 hands—color, black with brown muzzles. Apply to

[m12-3t.*] JOHN L. FRANCIA, 83 Front Street.

STALLION FOR SALE OR HIRE.

TALMA, own brother to *Alice Grey*, by Henry, out of Sportsmistress by Hickory, will be sold low, or farmed out during the ensuing season. He is a grey, about 16 hands high, and perfectly sound. Apply (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of this paper. [m17.]

TO ANGLERS.

JOHN CONROY, 52 FULTON-STREET, has just received from England an excellent assortment of Silk and Hair Lines; Patent Silk Lines of various colors; Multiplying Reels, Trout Flies, Trout and Pike Trolling Tackle, Cork and Quill Floats, Fly Books, Tackle Cases, Limerick and Kirby Hooks, &c. &c. &c.

Fly Fishers are invited to call and examine a beautiful article of American FLY RODS, of my own manufacture.

Trolling, Perch, and Bass Rods, always on hand, or made to order.

Conroy's improved Bass Reels for casting. Conroy's Reels, with, or without Balance Cranks. Brass Folding Net Rings, with jointed handles, and also the ordinary Rings made by myself. Shrimp and Crab Nets, Fish Cars, &c. &c. &c.

A good assortment of TACKLE always on hand, and any article in the line made to order at 52 Fulton-street, N. Y. [m31] J. CONROY.

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, fo horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorotive after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed a night.

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [At26]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

DRAMATIC NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having become the sole Lessee, for ten years, of the new Marshall Theatre, to be established forthwith in the capital of Virginia, is prepared to receive applications from the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Profession, for the purpose of forming a *Corps Histrionique*, talented and respectable, also from Musicians, to compose an Orchestra. Proposals will be received from Scenic Artists, to paint (forthwith) the new Stock Scenes, Act, Drop, and Decorations—the designs to be furnished by the subscriber.

The season will commence on Monday, 24th Sept.

All communications to be addressed to the Lessee, (post paid) care of Alex. J. Davis, Esq. Architect, N. Y. University.

A prize of fifty dollars will be awarded to the author of the selected Address (60 lines) for opening of the Institution. The compositions to be directed (post paid) to the subscriber, Marshall Theatre, Richmond, Va., previous to the last day of August.

New York, May 1, 1838. [m12] GEORGE JONES.

CRAB ORCHARD (Ky.) RACES.

THE Races over the Spring Hill Course will commence on Thursday, 7th June, and continue three days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $50, h. ft., Mile heats. Closed with 20 subs, viz:—

1. R. M. Davis names produce of a Hamiltonian mare and Frank.
2. Joel Emory names produce of Rickety (by Archy) and Columbus.
3. S. Davenport names produce of Polly Nailor and Trumpator.
4. Also, " " a Whip mare and Frank.
5. Wm. Farris names produce of Blaze (dam of Reform) and Medoc.
6. C. H. Talbot names produce of Harriet and Trumpator.
7. Wm. Moberly names produce of a Stockholder mare and Archie of Transport.
8. Thos. M. Kennedy names produce of Lady Graystock and Collier.
9. Wm. Stapp names produce of a Bertrand mare and Archie of Transport.
10. John Haddock names produce of a Virginius mare and Waxey.
11. Sidney Kerley names produce of a Pacolet mare and Collier.
12. Davis Thompson names produce of a mare by Imp. Whip, and Columbus.
13. Wm. Bridges names produce of Old Pet mare and Crawford.
14. Wyatt Huffman names produce of a Diomed mare and Columbus.
15. H. W. Farris names produce of a Whip mare and Collier.
16. B. R. Jenkins names produce of a William mare and Medoc.
17. James L. Baadley names produce of a Hamiltonian mare and Dungannon.
18. James Shy names produce of Lady Jackson and Collier.
19. A. G. Huffman names produce of Melvina and Archie of Transport.
20. J. W. Tisdale names produce of a Kosciusko mare and Frank.

Second Day—Poststake free for all ages, sub. $50, with a Silver Pitcher, value $100, added by the Citizens; Two mile heats. To close the evening preceding the race.

Third Day—Sweepstakes for all ages, sub. $25, with the gate money of that day added; Mile heats. HENRY W. FARRIS, *Proprietor.*

Crab Orchard, Ky., March 17, 1838. [m31-6t]

LOUISVILLE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE above Races, over the *Oakland Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 5th day of June, having been postponed from the 15th of May, to avoid conflicting with those t Lexington.

First Day—The Breeders' Plate, given by the Proprietor, for 3 year olds that never started in a public race, value $100—Mile heats. To this race no subscription is required—it is intended to be given annually to the breeders. The entries must be named the same as if it was a sweepstakes, by the 1st day of May.

Same Day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st May next. Now 3 subs.

Second Day—The Oakland Plate, consisting of a splendid tea service of silver, value $500, for all ages Two mile heats; the winner to take the plate or money at his option.

Third Day—Proprietor's Purse $500, ent. $50, Three mile heats.
Fourth Day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, ent. $100, Four mile heats.
Fifth Day—Proprietor's Purse $250, ent. $25, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

The subscriber having recently purchased the *Oakland Race Course*, with the intention of fitting it up in a style inferior to none in America, and having the patronage of a Jockey Club, with rules and regulations, the same as other fashionable courses, new appeals to this City and the State, to determine whether or not they will have a respectable Racing Establishment at a point, of all others, the most eligible for the Kentucky Breeders.

The large amount of money that they now have vested in this sort of property, makes it all important that there should be some ground selected where they can have a good course and larger purses than have heretofore been offered. The South are, and will continue to be our purchasers. This is the place of all others to establish the character of our race horses, and one that is to derive more advantages from a well conducted establishment, than any other. The immense importance to this city in bringing together, twice a year, a large concourse of strangers, thereby causing an expenditure of money amongst us that we otherwise would not have, must be obvious to every one. To the breeder it offers an inducement to improve his stock, because in concentrating here in the Spring and Fall, a great many strangers from other States, it will insure a certain market, at high prices, for their horses.

The track will immediately be altered and improved, with a training course in the inside. The stands will be removed, enlarged, and placed in a position so as to afford the most entire view of the race to several thousand persons.

The Oakland House will be added to, and put on a footing with the best hotels in the country. Every thing shall be done to make this course worthy of Kentucky; and it is now left to her citizens to make it, by their patronage, the first establishment of the sort in the Union.

The Spring Races, from the number of horses in training, and the promise of every stable in the State to attend, will be of great interest.

Louisville, Ky., March 14, 1838. Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

At the Fall meeting, to take place in October next, there are four large Sweepstakes, besides purses, for Four mile heats, $1200—Three mile heats, $600—Two mile heats, Plate, value $500—liberal purses for Mile heats, and Mile heats, best 3 in 5. [a7-tf.]

THOROUGH-BRED COLTS FOR SALE.

GRAY COLT, by Col. Johnson's Medley, (foaled in May, 1835, 15 hands one inch high,) dam by Duroc, grandam by Sir Solomon, g. g. dam Col. Hoome's imported mare Trumpetta. This is a beautiful colt.

2. BAY COLT, foaled in May, 1836, by Alhambra, dam same as above. This is a very strongly formed colt, and of promising appearance. For pedigree of Alhambra see Am. Turf Register, Vol. 7, No. 2, P. 96.

The Duroc mare was bred by Mr. James Davison, and the Sir Solomon mare by the late Mr. Hunt, both formerly of this neighborhood.

The imported mare Trumpetta was sold by a son of Col. Hoomes to the late Mr. Bela Badger, and finally came into the hands of Mr. Hunt. Trumpetta was the grandam of Mr. Badger's Trumpator, a horse of reputation now standing in the West.

The two colts may be had for $400. If not sold before the 22d of May, they will be offered at public sale during the first Spring meeting at Camden.

Application to be made to the subscriber, near Bordentown, N. J.

[a14] A. ASHBURNER.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

JOHN WILLIAMS, Veterinary Surgeon, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has lowered his price of keeping the horses that are committed to his charge, with every convenience for a thorough remedy of the different diseases incidental to that noble animal. He flatters himself that a continuance of that very liberal support which he has so long received, will not be diminished.

His residence is at the sign of the Golden Horse, 328 Broome street, or he may be consulted at his Infirmary, 131 Chrystie-st. [a28-4t.]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

SALLY HOPKINS, bay mare, 15 hands high, lengthy and good looking; 14 years old this Spring, and is now stinted to Hedgeford. Got by Kosciusko (sire of Clara Fisher), dam by Imp. Bedford, grandam the celebrated Desdemona; she by Imp. Dare Devil, out of Lady Bolingbroke. For pedigree and performances of which see Turf Register. Price $500.

MEDORA, out of the above, by Crusader, stinted to Humphrey Clinker, by Bertrand, 5 years old, 15 hands and upwards high, not handsome, and was slightly injured in her foaling last Spring, but warranted a breeder, and now in foal. Price $600.

Both the above are now with Imp. Tranby, near Lexington, Ky.

Apply to the Editor, or to Hon. JOHN WHITE, Richmond, Ky. [a7-eow3t.]

THE IMPORTED HORSE PHILIP.

AFTER a passage of nearly one hundred days from Liverpool, has been landed safely at Nashville.

Philip is a rich brown, of great strength and high finish, full 16 hands high. He continued on the Turf till 9 years old, and won 23 races, mostly long distances and heats, and ran 9 times second. His eye is clear and expressive—his ear of medium length and well pointed, and his head small, bony, and blood-like; his neck gracefully arched; withers and hips right; good barrel of sufficient length, and his legs clean, neat, and free from splint, puff, or wind, and his muscles throughout well defined. He will make his first season at Franklin, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

Tennessee heretofore had a good variety of native and imported horses, but we wanted a descendant of Haphazard and Filho da Puta—we have it in our power to tender to the public that descendant, Philip, got by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure by Camillus (also the dam of Palatine, Arachne, winner 28 times, Fanny Davies, Leda, Vanish, a winner about 30 times, John, and Christiana); her dam by Hyacinthus, out of Flora (the dam of Trim, Zara, Jock, St. Dennis, and Echo,) by King Fergus—Atalanta by Matchem (the dam of Faith, Pacolet, Harold, Fox, Rosalind, Yarico, and Bradamante)—Lass of the Mill by Oroonoka, her dam by Old Traveller, (sister to Clarke's Lass of the Mill)—Miss Makeless by Young Greyhound—Old Partner—Woodcock (dam of Lampton and Miss Doe)—Croft's Bay Barb (grandam of the Ancaster Starling)—Makeless (Desdemona's dam)—Brimmer—Dicky Pierson (son of Dodsworth)—Burton Barb mare.

Filho, by Haphazard, out of Mrs. Barnet by Waxy.
Haphazard, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Miss Hervey by Eclipse.
Camillus, by Hamiltonian, out of Faith by Pacolet.
Hyacinthus, by Coriander, out of Rosalind by Phenomenon.

Surely it is needless to say a word of Old Matchem, or to hint to a judicious breeder, that from the invincible Eclipse, the two best lines of descent are through King Fergus, Hamiltonian, Blacklock, and Camillus, &c., and Pot-8-o's, Waxy, and Coriander, &c., and if we would ascend to the renowned King Herod, where would we rather go, than through Filho da Puta, Haphazard, Sir Peter Teazle, and Highflyer.

Nashville, Tenn., March 7, 1838. [m31] THOS. A. PANKEY & CO.

SHARK.

THIS celebrated race horse and stallion, by American Eclipse, his dam the unrivalled and noted race mare Old Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy, whose colts (and not a large number) have sold for nearly $50 000, will make his season this Spring at Charlotte Court-House, Virginia, at $60 and $100, under the management of Col. THOMAS P. RICHARDSON and Maj. R. I. GAINES. If Shark is not encouraged as a stock horse, it is time to desert the genuine *breed* of the Old Dominion. He sold not long since for $15,000 cash. He is now at his stand, in fine health, ready for business—has proven himself a sure and good foal getter, five feet three inches high, remarkably handsome. His color is coal-black. Particulars hereafter. [mar. 3-tf.]

FRANCIS MARION,

WINNER of the great Sweepstake and Post-stake, Three and Four mile heats, at Tallahassee, will stand at Marianna, the present season, which has already commenced, at $50, payable on the 1st December next. All thorough bred mares, at this time owned in the Territory, will be served gratis. Francis Marion was sired by Marion; his dam was Malvina, by Old Sir Archy. For further particulars of performance and pedigree, see hand-bills, Spirit of the Times, and American Turf Register. [m49-3m] J. J. PITTMAN.

HICKORY JOHN.

THIS celebrated Racer and Thorough-bred Horse has left this place for his stand at La Grange, Troup Co., Ga., where he will remain for the Spring season only, under our charge, as he will make his appearance on the Turf again this fall, when he will have had time to recover from an injury sustained in one of his feet, when on his way hence to Columbia. His terms will be $60 the season, payable within the season; $100 insurance, payable as usual, and $1 to the groom. As a racer, it is not known that he has any superior—in point of breeding he has but few equals—he traces through the most fashionable and approved crosses to the old Cub mare, the ancestress of Bascombe, and a host of others highly distinguished on the Turf and in the Stud. His color is a rich chesnut, and his form unites beauty and strength to a degree. His pedigree and performances will be published at length in hand bills.

Mares that may be sent to him will be taken care of at the usual rates and terms.

La Grange, Troup Co., Ga. [F24-tf.] HERRING & JETER.

PENNOYER

WILL STAND this season at Augusta, Ga., at $50. He is out of the celebrated race mare Ariel, and got by Henry; for further particulars as to sire and dam see Turf Register. He is 4 years old this Spring, a dark bay, 15½ hands high, well proportioned, and very handsome. The reason of his not figuring on the turf is, that he received, when a two year old, a severe kick on his right fore leg, which caused a large knee; his owner has taken every pains to remove it, but has not succeeded, so has to stand him.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 4, 1838. [J20-tf. JOHN MORRISON.

CARRIAGE HORSES WANTED.

A VERY LIBERAL PRICE will be paid at This Office for a splendid pair of Carriage Horses. Handsome bays, with long tails, about 15½ hands high, would be preferred; they must have superior action, and be well broke. Apply immediately to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

CHARLES KEMBLE.

THIS splendid racer and approved Stallion will make his present season in the vicinity of Lancaster, Pa. Charles Kemble was got by Sir Archy, out of Pilot's dam, by Gallatin—thus combining the most fashionable strains of blood in the country. Last year he proved a very sure foal getter, and his colts exhibit great promise. The dam of *Trifle* and *Malinda* are both in foal to him—the very strongest evidence of the estimation in which he is held by distinguished breeders. [a7-6t.]

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS celebrated racer will stand the ensuing season at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, under the direction of F. W. Lacy, and be let to mares at $100 the season, and $1 to the groom. The season to commence the 1st of February, and end the 15th of July. It is requested that persons sending mares will send their note for the season, and the pedigree of the mare. The proprietors are well furnished with lots and stables, for mares that may be sent to remain with the horse, and will be fed and well attended to for 50 cents per day. Black servants sent with mares fed gratis. Every care and attention will be taken to guard against accidents or escapes, but no liability will be incurred for either. The charge for keeping mares to be paid for before taken away.

DESCRIPTION.

John Bascombe is a light chesnut sorrel, 5 feet 2½ inches high, fine bone and muscle, with superior limbs and action—for sprightliness and intelligence of countenance surpassed by no horse on earth. In fact, take him upon the whole, he is the horse of horses. The Almighty, in the plenitude of his wisdom and goodness, bestowed peculiar gifts on such men as Washington, Cæsar, and Bonaparte, *as men*—he has done the same to Bascombe *as a horse.* He will be 7 years old the ensuing spring.

PEDIGREE.

John Bascombe was got by Old Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, he by Imp. Citizen, grandam by Imp. Buzzard, g. grandam by Wade Hampton's Paragon, g. g. grandam by Imp. Figure, g. g. g. grandam the old Slamerkin mare, by the celebrated imported horse Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub Mare.

Wade Hampton's Paragon was got by Imp. Flimnap, out of Camilla by Burwell's Traveller, his grandam by Old Fearnought, g. grandam Calista, imported by Col. Bird.

Burwell's Traveller was got by Morton's Traveller, out of Col. Bird's Calista.

PERFORMANCES.

1831—Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 15, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, he ran 2d to Stockholder, beating Rachel Johnson, Whalebone, and Samuel O'Rourke. Time, 2:4—2:3—2:5—2:5—2:5.

1835—At Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 18, Three mile heats, he won the purse, distancing Samuel O'Rourke, his only competitor, the 1st heat, in 6:52.

At Mount Meigs, Ala., Nov. 24, Three mile heats, he ran 2d to Bill Austin, beating Daphne. Time, 6:00—6:03.

At Columbus, Ga., Dec. 10, Three mile heats, he beat Volney, by Industry. Time, 6:00. Volney broke down.

1836—At Augusta, Ga., Jan. 18, Three mile heats, he beat Chestatee, Ormond, Col. Towne's Truffle colt, and distanced Paul Clifford in the 1st, and Vertumnus in the 2d heat, in 5:54—5:56. Track heavy.

At Augusta, Ga., April 12, in a match, Four mile heats, he distanced Col. W. Hampton's Argyle the 1st heat, in 7:44. Track 33 feet over a mile. This match was for $32,000, $17,000 on Argyle, and $15,000 on Col. Crowell's stable, consisting of Bill Austin, Lady Nashville, John Bascombe, and Bolivia. Bascombe was selected

At the Union Course, L. I., May 31, (after travelling nine hundred miles,) in a match, Four mile heats, $5000 a-side, he beat the Champion of the North, the famed Post Boy, in 2 heats. Time, 7:49—7:51½. Track not in the best order, and the day windy.

At Augusta, Ga., Dec. 5, Four mile heats, he beat the gr. c. Kite, and Lady Morgan, in two heats. Time, 8:1—8:1.

John Bascombe never lost a heat after getting into the hands of Col. John Crowell, his present owner.

For the details of his performances, see *American Turf Register*, vol. vi. page 316, vol. vii. pages 236, 283, 328, 423, 489, 490, 544, 552, and 562. [d23] F. W. LACY.

SKYLARK,

WINNER OF FORTY TWO RACES, 24 of them King's Plates!—This unequalled four mile performer will stand the ensuing season at the stables of the subscriber, 2 miles from Nashville, at $100, payable on the 1st day of Jan. next, which may be discharged by the payment of $85 within the season, and $1 to the groom; insurance $125. The season will commence on the 1st Feb. and end on the 1st July next.

The Memoir of Skylark is published in the 8th volume of the Am. Turf Register, page 145, therefore only a few of the prominent facts will be given

He is a dark bay, with a strong rich coat; black legs, main and tail, without white; 15 hands 3 inches high; a full carcass, with broad and expanded ribs; limbs clean, hard and uninjured; a large hazel eye, clean head and muzzle; throttle, nostrils, and mouth, all indicating an easy breather;—the mouth is unusual for its depth. Indeed he is excellent in all the cardinal racing points. When we examine the size of his back bone, the extent and declivity of his Archie-like shoulder-blades, approximating the strongest framed hip-bones, our wonder at his ability to carry such high weights is diminished He has descended from an ancestry, in every line and branch, celebrated for speed and game; his multiplied and brilliant performances are confirmations of the purity of descent, and the truth of the adage that "blood will tell," or that blood will find its level according to its purity.

Skylark, bred by Mr. Daxon, and foaled in 1826, was got by Waxy Pope, sometimes called Sligo Pope, winner of the Derby; his dam Skylark, (dam also of Giles, a capital four mile horse,) was got by Musician, out of a sister to Porouette by Young Eagle—Parisot by Sir Peter,—her dam Deceit, sister to the yellow mare by Tandem Perdita, by Herod—Fair Forester by Sloe—Forester—Partner—Croft's Bay Barb—Makeless—Brimmer—Son of Dodsworth—Barton Barb Mare.

Waxy Pope, so called from being the son of Waxy, was out of the famous old Prunella, that was also the dam of Penelope, (the dam of Whalebone, Whisker, &c.), Parasol, Pelisse, Podargus, Pioneer, Pledge, Pope Joan, Piquet, and Prudence—all distinguished.

Musician was got by Worthy, out of Woodbine, (dam also of Music and Minuett, both winners of the Oaks,) by Woodpecker—Puzzle by Matchem—Princess by Herod—Julia by Blank—Spectator's dam by Partner, &c.

Young Eagle, own brother to Eagle and Spread Eagle, was got by Volunteer, dam by Highflyer, &c.

Worthy was got by Pot-8 o's, out of Maria by Herod, grandam Lisette, by Snap, out of Miss Windsor by the Godolphin Arabian.

If Amateurs and Breeders are to be controlled by performances, then Skylark occupies an enviable eminence; his performances have never been equalled on any turf—he won more King's Plates, and 3 and 4 mile races, than any horse that ever run: in a majority of the races with heavier weights than his competitors, and the betting was often 6, 10, and sometimes 15 to 1 Skylark against the field!

He beat many horses of the highest renown at all distances; among them Lady Elizabeth had twice to yield to his superior prowess, and she ran 4 miles at 5 years old, with 137lbs., in 7:45.

It has been said of him, that "those who have never seen him run, can form but a faint idea of his capabilities, and as a proof of the high estimation in which he stood with Turfmen, he was handicapped to carry 15st. (210lbs.) for the Corinthian Stakes."

So pre-eminently successful was he, at long distances and heavy weights, (often giving great odds,) that he was frequently permitted to walk over, and "the alterations in the King's Plates have been attributed to his unparalleled performances." At the age of nine years, his challenge to run with any horse, 4 miles, carrying 140lbs., not being accepted, he was withdrawn from the turf, as free from blemish or injury as when he first started.

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 10, 1838. [J27] L. P. CHEATHAM.

IMPORTED TRUSTEE.

THIS magnificent horse is now at my stables, near the Union Course, Long Island, and will be put to mares at $60 the season, and $1 to the groom, payable on the 15th of July. The season to commence on the 1st of February, and continue till the 15th of July. Mares to be paid for before taken away. Trustee ran third for the Derby, 101 subscribers, and was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland after the race, for 2000 guineas, and was purchased from him by Messrs. Ogden & Corbin, and sent to the United States.

The subscriber is not liable for accidents or escapes.

New York, Feb. 1, 1838. JOHN R. SNEDIKER.

Pedigree and Performances of Trustee.

Trustee, a ch. h. foaled in 1829, and bred by W. Ridsdale, was got by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c., and the sire of Memnon, The Colonel, Emma, Gibside, Fairy, by Hermes, out of Vicissitude by Pipator—Beatrice by Sir Peter, &c &c. See Stud Book.

Catton, sire of Trustee, was got by Golumpus, own brother to Hedley and Wanderer, his dam Lucy Gray, by Timothy, (by Delpini, out of Cora by Matchem,) grandam Lucy, by Florizel, out of Phrenzy by Eclipse.

Catton won 7 times at Doncaster, 11 at York, 3 at Newmarket, and one at Preston. During his career he won 14 successive races and walked over one. As will be seen by the Calendar, he was one of the best four milers of his day, and is the sire of many well-known winners, among whom are Tarrare, winner of the St. Leger, Anna, sister to Tarrare, David, Contest, Minster, Diana, Lady Charlotte, Mundig, &c. &c. See Weatherby's Racing Calendar.

At the Epsom meeting, 1835, Mundig, own brother to Trustee, won the Derby Stakes for 3 year olds, carrying 8st. 7lb., mile and a half, 128 subscribers; 14 started; beating Ascot, Pelops, Ibrahim, Selinus, Coriolanus, by Emilius, &c. &c. 7 to 4 agst. Ibrahim, 3 to 1 agst. Ascot, 6 to 1 agst. Mundig. Ascot came in second, Ibrahim not placed.

At Epsom meeting, in the Spring of 1832, Trustee ran third to St Giles (St. Giles, Margrave, and Trustee at this time all belonged to the same owners, Gully and Ridsdale) for the Derby Stakes, 101 subscribers, beating Margrave, (winner of the St. Leger Stakes both at Doncaster and Newmarket,) Beiram, (winner of the July and Prendergast Stakes,) Kate, Emiliana, Non Compos, Rounceval, Mixbury, and 13 others, 23 having started. After this race, Trustee was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland for 2000 guineas.

At Doncaster, the same year, he was beaten by Margrave and Birdcatcher, none others placed; 73 subs.

At the Newmarket Houghton meeting, same year, Trustee, at 8st. 4lb., ridden by Chiffney, beat Mr. Greville's Dryad, 7st. 10lb., D.M., in a match, 300 sovs. a-side, h. ft. Two to one on Trustee.

At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1833, Trustee ran second to Rounceval, (whom he had previously beaten) for the Oatland Stakes, D.I., 15 subs.; beating Consol, Beiram, Bizarre, Lady Fly, Argent, and Hokee Pokee.

At the same meeting he won the Claret Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., carrying 8st. 7lb., D.I.; 8 subs.; beating Minster, Beiram, and Margrave, a second time; even betting on Trustee.

At Newmarket, First Spring meeting, he beat Lord Conyngham's Minster, 8st. 7lb. each, in a match across the flat, 200 sovs., h. ft.; 7 to 4 on Trustee.

At York August meeting, same year, he was beaten by Voluna, for the Great Subscription, 2 miles, 11 subs.; 5 to 2 on Trustee.

At the same meeting, Trustee was beaten by Voluna and Titus, carrying 8st [illegible] miles.

At the Doncaster September meeting, he won the Claret Stakes, carrying [illegible], 2 miles, 3 subs., beating Pickpocket, by St. Patrick, &c.

At the Newmarket Craven meeting; 1834, Trustee ran second to Sir Mark Wood's Oaks filly Vespa, D.I., carrying 8st. 10lb., and beating Lottery, out of Pledge, Lord Exeter's Galata, (winner of the Oaks), Chantilly, Ann, by Catton, and Col. Peel's Malibran; 9 to 2 agst. Trustee, and 8 to 1 agst. Vespa. In this race Trustee was lamed, but at the Newmarket First Spring meeting, 1835, having stood his training, he was run against and beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, when Lord Cleaveland ordered him to be sold.

Catton, Trustee's sire, had seven winners in the year 1836, on the English turf, who won twelve prizes. He had 32 of his get entered for the big things in 1837. In 1835 Catton had six winners—Mundig, Aratus, Contest, Chancellor, Zora, &c., who won 10 prizes, including the Derby Stakes at Epsom, of 3,300*l*. and 600*l*. at Doncaster.

Whisker, the sire of Trustee's dam, Emma, has several very fine runners on the English turf. In 1835 Whisker's get won eleven prizes, including the gold cups at Liverpool and Northallerton. [F3-tf.]

EMANCIPATION.

THIS celebrated English Racer and splendid Stallion will occupy Rowton's Stand, at C. W. Hampton's Woodlands Estate, five miles below Columbia, under the direction of Mr Wm. J. Geiger, and be let to mares at $75 the season, $120 to insure, and $1 to the groom, the money to be paid in advance. The season will commence on the 1st of Feb. and end the 1st. of July. Extensive rye and grass pastures provided for mares, and separate lots for such as may have young foals, and mares well fed at 50 cents per day. Every care will be taken to guard against accidents, but no responsibility should they occur.

Emancipation, so named under the great excitement about the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, was bred by Mr. Riddle, and was foaled in 1827. He was got by Whisker (own brother to Whalebone, &c.) sire of The Colonel and Memnon, winners of the St. Leger. His dam was got by Ardrossan; one of the best sons of the famous John Bull; his grandam Lady Eliza, by Whitworth; his g. g. dam XYZ's dam, by Spadile, out of Sylvia by Young Marske, &c. By reference to the 7th vol. page 101 of the Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, his extended pedigree may be seen, as also his performances on the turf, which latter are but little inferior to any horse ever imported into this country. He is a beautiful bay, with black legs, mane and tail, 16 hands high, of great length, and commanding figure. His bone is large, with muscles well defined; his action good, and accompanied by indications of uncommon power. His stock are considered very promising; his oldest were two years old last Spring; of these, some few were trained last season, and two of them have been winners—Angela, who won the Chillington Stakes, August 5th, beating a field of five others, at Wolverhampton; and Compensation, winner of a stake at Hednesford, October 31st, beating three others.

For black servants sent with mares no charge will be made: having no accommodations for white persons on the spot, they must board elsewhere. [F24-tf.]

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bush, where he will continue his practice an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur [J19]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - -	Match, $10,000 a-side, 2 miles, *Target* vs. *Volney*, Fall meeting.
CENTREVILLE, L. I. - -	Annual Trotting Club meeting, about the middle of May.
CRAB ORCHARD, Ky. -	Spring Hill Course, J. C. meeting, 1st Thursday, 7th June.
CULPEPER C. H., Va. -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, Thursday, last day of May.
FREDERICKSBURGH, Va.	Mulberry Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d May.
HUNTING PARK, Pa. -	Match, $5000 a side, 3 mile heats, *Daniel D. Tompkins*, vs. *Edwin Forrest*; 3d Monday, 21st May.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - -	Oakland Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th June.
LYNCHBURG, Va. - - -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th June.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - -	Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 27th Nov.
NEW YORK CITY - -	Union Course, L. I., 2d Spring meeting, 5th Tuesday, 29th May.
" " "	Beacon Course, N. J., 2d Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th June.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - -	Metairie Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Dec.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 3d Monday, 21st May.
" "	Match, $5000 a-side, h. ft., *Picton* vs. *Sarah Bladen*, 4th Wed. May 23.
NORFOLK, Va. - - - - -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Wednesday, 6th June.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa. - -	And Camden, N. J. Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d May.
" "	Match, *Bergen* vs. *Bloody Nathan*, 4 m. h., for $2000, on 22d inst.
SALISBURY, N. C. - -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, last Wednesday, 30th May.
ST. MATTHEWS, S. C. -	Jockey Club Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in January next.
ST. LOUIS, Mo. - - - -	Sulphur Spring Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th June.
" " "	St. Louis Course, J. C. Spring meeting, last Tuesday, 29th May.
WARRENTON, N. C. - -	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday, 23d May.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA!

New Courses in Mississippi.—No better evidence of the increasing interest felt in the improvement of blood stock in the south west is required, than the fact that within a few months, new race tracks have been laid out and clubs formed at Holly Springs, Benton, Lexington, and Canton, Miss. A friend writes that many gentlemen are turning their attention to breeding for the turf, and with sanguine prospects of success.

A Virginia Breeder writes that imported "*Rowton* is making a very good season, and will get his limit; he will have a good selection of mares also. I believe his colts are *equal to any I ever saw.* He has in his harem such mares as Clara Fisher, Sally Walker, Columbia, full sister to Isabella, Lady Lagrange, Iris, Missouri's dam and full sister, Miss Patience, Arabia Felix, Black Heath's dam, the dam of Josephus, and his half sister by Mons. Tonson, Dromgoole's dam, and his half sister, Lady Spurr, several fine imported mares, and some of the high-bred mares of Col. SINGLETON, Maj. RIDLEY, Col. TUCKER, P. R. DAVIS, ARTHUR TAYLOR, Sen., and many other gentlemen. I expect he will also cover the dams of Fanny Wyatt and Tipton.

"*Priam* is also making a very fine season, and his colts in Virginia, dropped this Spring, are splendid beyond description. It has been justly said of them, that they may safely challenge the world for a comparison—indeed they are superior to any set of colts, I imagine, to be found out of South Carolina. There an equal set may be found. I have two that are remarkably fine—one out of Clara Fisher, and the other out of the imported mare, Primula, by Cervantes."

A Richmond correspondent writes as follows.—As *My Lady*, from the performances and favouritism of *Jereed*, (her produce) stands first on the list of Mares imported into America at any period, I think it will be gratifying to the "sporting world" to be informed that she has now at her foot at Fairfield, Va. a very fine colt-foal by imp. *Cetus*, ch. without white, except in the face, and said to be very like his uncle, the celebrated *Colonel*. *My Lady*, it will be recollected, is the grand dam of Col. WADE HAMPTON'S celebrated *Monarch*. [By the bye, an *on dit* has reached us that his dam *Delphine* has been added, at a high figure, to the splendid stud of Col. H.—*Ed. Spirit of the Times.*]

The Cetus foals dropt this Spring, are remarkably promising, and there are two now near Richmond, that will be matched for "show" against any two in the state for a moderate "Anti"—say, something less than $100,000.

By the way, "Anti" is the name of one of them; one out of a Charles, the other out of a Trafalgar mare. Cetus is more admired by those who have seen him, than any other stallion that has been to our state. His back and loin, flank, rump and thigh are not surpassed by those of any horse I ever saw. POKOON.

Bertrand.—Our Kentucky correspondent who communicated the intelligence of the death of this splendid racer and stallion *in advance*, writes us in explanation, that he received it from a gentleman of character (naming him), who heard of it in Lexington, where he said it was the general theme of remark. Bertrand stood within five miles of Lexington; so far from intending the perpetration of a hoax, our correspondent regrets Bertrand's death extremely, and says that of all those in Kentucky, B. was his favourite. It will be seen that his information relative to the death of *Lance* was correct.

Pedestrianism in Bosting!—The "Literary Emporium" is "opening rich" this Spring in the way of trotting, running, *sliding down hill*, and "other sports peculiar to New England." The Evening Transcript gives us the subjoined report of the last "tall walking" match:—

The Foot Race, round the Common, came off this morning, as annonnced, but the runner who had engaged to perform the distance in seven minutes, was eight minutes and a half in doing the task, and thereby lost the enormous sum of five dollars, "smack and smooth."

MAURICE E. BOYLES, of St. Francisville, has sold to C. C. FARRAR of the same place, the following colts, viz.:—br. f. by Luzborough, dam by Stockholder, b. f by Merlin, dam by Pacolet, 2 years; price for the two $1000.

Linnet was never owned by WM. J. MINOR, Esq. of Natchez, writes a correspondent; she was sold by Mr. THOS. WATSON, agent for JAMES KIRKMAN, Esq. to Messrs. WELLS & DAWSON of Alexandria, La. for $3000, and after the Spring meeting of 1836 at St. Francisville, Mr. DAWSON sold his interest to the Messrs. WELLS for $2500.

Lance.—It is now some six weeks or more since we published an account of the demise of *Bertrand* and *Lance*. In the last "Franklin Farmer," published at Frankfort, we find the following notice of the latter:—

"LANCE" DEAD!—We neglected heretofore to announce the death of this distinguished Stallion. He died at the farm of Dr. D. C. Caldwell, about six miles from Russellville, Logan county, Ky., the last of February, 1838. His disease, we are told, was an enlarged Spleen. This organ was taken out by Mr. John Porter, and weighed *sixteen pounds and a half!*—probably caused by hard running. —There will be dropped to him this spring some very fine foals.—*Rus. Adv.*

Something like a Banter!—Since the above paragraph met our eye, we have encountered the following in the Advertiser, a very well conducted sheet published at Russellville, Ky.:—

Mr. Editor—In looking over a number of your paper, a few days ago, my attention was called to a notice of "Lance's" death, and the probable cause—which cause was supposed to have been from his hard services on the turf! I have for the first time in my life, learned that Lance was ever a race horse of any note. It was also remarked that there would be some good ones of his get dropped in Logan this spring. You can say to the patrons of Lance, that I have a filly colt, dropped on the 20th of April last, by old Stockholder, dam by old Pacolet, grand dam by old Wonder, g. grand dam by old Doublehead, g. g. grand dam by Dawson's Mousetrap, and he by imported Mousetrap, g. g. g. grand dam by old imported Fearnought, that can beat any colt of Lance's get in Logan county for $500, two miles heats, the fall after they are three years old, over any public race track in the Green River Country; or I am willing to leave it open for a sweepstakes. If any of the patrons of Lance will accede to the proposition, they will notify me through the medium of the Press. I will leave this proposition open until the 1st day of October, 1838. A. M. LYLES.

May 4, 1838.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times. SILVER CREEK, (N. Y.) 11th May, 1838.

SIR,—I saw an extract from a letter in your paper of the 5th inst., from Mr. J. B. RICHARDSON, of York, Ill., requesting to know the pedigree of a horse I owned while in the U. S. Army, and on the recruiting service at the West. The horse was bred by a Col. SCOMP, of New Jersey, and was sired by the Grand Seignior; I have forgotten the blood of his dam.

He was purchased from Col. Scomp, I think, in 1817, and was true game. I presume Mr. R. is anxious to find out the blood of his mare, as I received a letter from him more than a year since, and answered it immediately, and should have written him now, but supposed he would be more likely to get the information through your valuable paper. Sir, I am very respectfully

Your obed't servant, G. H. GROSVENOR.

PICTON AND SARAH BLADEN.

HOPKINSVILLE, (Ky.) May 4, 1838.

SIR,—As the match race between the Luzboroughs and Leviathans has made a considerable noise in the Western world, perhaps it would not be uninteresting to hear something concerning the nags, &c. I had the pleasure of seeing *Picton* a few days past; he seems to be in fine condition, if the hair is an index to health. He is a smaller horse than I expected to see, but a horse of great power. His head and neck are homely; shoulder, back, and loin as fine as any horse I ever saw. I do not like his legs, and I am almost afraid to venture an opinion; if I were, it would be that he would some day let down in his fore legs. Col. WYNN has several good ones in his stable, in readiness for the Spring meeting at Nashville.

Sarah Bladen has just arrived at the track, to wait with patience the coming contest. The betting about Nashville seems to be in her favor; and had Picton never run a four mile race, I would incline to the belief that Sarah would beat him. But his race at New York is hard to beat; but with the management of Col. ELLIOTT, and the training of Col. WATSON, and the strength and stride of Sarah, and a sandy track, the laurels may be plucked from the gallant little Luzborough.

On my first visit to Franklin, I had the pleasure of seeing the imported horse *Philip*; he fills my eye as a race horse better than any imported horse I have ever seen. He is a horse of fine size, with sufficient power, full 16 hands high, with a flinty set of legs. He shows considerable game, and his color, a beautiful mahogany bay, or brown, with a small star, cannot be surpassed. Yours, L. B.

CAMBRIDGE TROTTING COURSE, NEAR BOSTON.

Last Fall we noticed that several spirited individuals were engaged in fitting up a handsome trotting course, in the immediate vicinity of the "Modern Athens," and are glad to see from the report annexed, that it is sufficiently completed to allow the whips of Boston to test the speed and bottom of their bits of blood. We compile from the Boston papers the annexed report:—

THURSDAY, May 10, 1838—Cambridge Trotting Park Course.—Match, $500 a-side. Three mile heats, under the Saddle.

Mr. Goodrich's (of N. Y.) b. m. *Ellen*, 142lbs	Geo. Edwards.	1	1
Mr. Lull's (J. Y. Valentine's, of Boston) s. g. *Billy*, 104lbs	Mr. Reed	2	2

Time, 8:28½—8:38. Track heavy.

We learn from the "Evening Transcript," that "the excitement from the known qualities of the animals, was very great, and it is estimated that the spectators were four or five thousand, although no public notice had been given."

The "Morning Post" gives quite "a slap up" report, which we copy below, while many others of the "respectable sixpennies" have done the thing "very brown:"—

The *Trotting Match* on Thursday was for $500 aside, three miles and repeat, in saddle, over the Cambridge Trotting Park, between a sorrel horse called *Billy*, owned by Mr. Lull of this city, and a bay mare called *Ellen*, owned by Mr. Goodrich, of New York. The horse was rode by Mr. Reed, of Hartford, weighing, with his saddle, 104 lbs. The mare was rode by Mr. George Edwards, of this city, weighing, with his saddle, 142 lbs. At quarter of 4 o'clock the horses were brought to the starting post, and the word "go" was given by the judges. Ellen had the pole at the start, but before making the first turn Billy took it from her, and kept it the first mile—the mare, however, coming in half a neck ahead on the first quarter of the second mile. Ellen made a rush at Billy and took the pole; Billy made a desperate struggle, and dropt into his work as if determined to find how much "go-along" Ellen had; and so he did, for they were neck and neck until coming up the straight side, when Ellen broke, and Billy then made a "big gap." The mare soon went to her work again, made up the gap, and headed the horse by half a length, kept her place, coming in ahead the second mile about a length. Here the horse rushed at Ellen, and the struggle was tremendous; they could have both been covered with a blanket until the last quarter, when George began to whisper in Ellen's ear to quit Billy's company; she took the hint, and dropped him, winning the first heat by about 30 yards in 8:28½.

2d heat.—In 30 minutes the horses were again rode to the stand, and at the word "go," they went off beautifully together, Ellen having the pole, and for the first two miles the race was exciting in the extreme. The horses looked as if they were yoked together, little Reed's and George's knees rattling together like dice in a box all the way, until the last half of the 3d mile, when Ellen became sick of Billy's company, and shook him off; little Reed did not like to be left so abruptly, and commenced talking loud to Billy, who took the "idea," and made a desperate rush at Ellen, and for the instant made her a little "flighty;" she soon *lit* again, and George calmly talked in her ear. She went at Billy, and passed him easy, as the go along was getting out of him, Ellen winning the second heat in beautiful style, under a hard pull, in 8:38. The course was very heavy, and is a full mile.

WHIP.

From the crack morning paper of Boston (i. e. the "Morning Post,") we make up a report of another fine match over the Cambridge Park Course:—

MONDAY, May 14—Match, $100 a-side, Mile heats, under the saddle.

Mr. Brownell's ro. g. *Young Buckskin*	Edwards.	1	2	1
Mr. Langmaid's m. *Spinning Jenny*	Read	2	1	2

Time, 3:12—3:14—3:07.

The Post states that about a thousand people assembled to witness the match, and that after the main race was over, several matches, made up on the spot, were run by horsemen and gentlemen in vehicles, the course being continually occupied; everybody seemed highly delighted with the good-humored bustle of the field, and strict decorum prevailed from the commencement of the preparations, to the close of the contest. The campany was generally from Boston. The Post gives us the annexed report of the match:—

The weather was extremely fine for the purpose, and the course in as good order as, from the nature of the ground, it probably ever can be. There did not appear to be much excitement among the spectators, as the principal bet was only $100, and the horses had not been cracked up to be anything extraordinary. The bets, however, were two to one on the horse, at starting, on the first heat; and the mare broke almost instantly, after leaving the post, after which she continued to put the horse to his work, but occasionally breaking, she lost the benefit of her perhaps better mettle, and the horse came out a-head four rods. Time 3:12.

2d Heat.—The mare again broke near the post, and two or three times after, and on turning the last corner, the horse had the advantage by some six or eight rods. The mare then made a desperate yet quiet effort, and glided up on the inner side like a spirit, and speedily distanced the horse by a rod and a half, amidst much cheering. She was not in the least distressed, and confidence in her for the final struggle was fully restored.—Time, 3:14.

3d Heat.—The mare broke about 40 rods from the post, and the rest of her work was ragged in the extreme. Read could do nothing with her; and when she came in sight, the horse was full 50 rods ahead. This balance she soon lessened; but breaking again before the last turning, her case was hopeless, and the horse distanced her 30 rods.—Time, 3:07. Neither appeared to have suffered much from their exertions.

UNION COURSE, L. I.

THE SECOND SPRING MEETING over the Union Course will take place the last Tuesday, 29th May, and continue four days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Mile heats. Also, same day, Purse $100, Mile heats.
Second Day—Purse $300. Two mile heats.
Third Day—Purse $500, Three mile heats.
Fourth Day—Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Several Southern Stables are expected on the Island this meeting, comprising most of the distinguished horses on the American Turf.

ALEXANDER L. BOTTS,
DAVID H. BRANCH.

☞ The Second Spring Meeting over the Beacon Course will take place on the 1st Tuesday, 5th June, the week succeeding the Union. [m19-2t]

GRAND CONCERT OF SACRED MUSIC.

THE Public are respectfully informed that a grand Oratorio of Vocal and Instrumental Music, consisting of selections from works of the best composers, Ancient and Modern, will be given at the new Church of St. Peter, Barclay Street, near Broadway, on Sunday evening, 27th May, 1838, for the purpose of realizing funds to aid the Trustees in completing that noble and splendid edifice. They will be assisted on this occasion by the *elite* of the city, both Vocal and Instrumental. Particulars early next week.

Tickets One Dollar each, now ready for sale, to be had of the Trustees at the Church, and at the principal music stores. [m19-1t]

SWEEPSTAKES OF $5000 EACH SUBSCRIPTION!

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake, with colts and fillies dropped in the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville (Tenn.) Course, Four mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club meeting on said course, in the Fall of 1843. Sub. $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If man, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race; to close on the 1st day of Jan. 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Balie Peyton & J. G. Chalmers name produce of Black Maria (by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy,) and Imp. Luzborough.
B. Peyton & A. Henderson name produce of Maria Shepherd (Lilac's dam—by Sir Archy, dam by Shylock,) and Imp. Priam.
James Kirkman names the produce of Imp. Eliza (by Rubens, out of Little Folly by Highland Fling,) and Imp. Glencoe. [m19-3t]

LOUISVILLE J. C. RACES POSTPONED.

THE Proprietor of the Oakland Course has determined to postpone the Spring meeting, with a view to avoid interfering with the Lexington Jockey Club meeting. The Louisville races are now fixed for Tuesday, the 5th day of June. This arrangement gives a prospect of a stable of horses from New Orleans, and another from Tennessee.

Y. N. OLIVER.

☞ The Lexington Observer and Nashville Banner will publish the above weekly, until the races, and alter, and continue the former advertisement accordingly.

SWEEPSTAKES—St. FRANCISVILLE, La.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake Race, over the St. Francisville Course, to come off the day previous to the regular meeting of the Jockey Club in the Spring of 1841; sub. $1000, ft. $250; to name and close by the 1st Dec. 1838. If a subscriber or his entry should die before the race, no forfeit will be exacted. The race to be run according to rule.

Wm. R. Barrow names produce of Piano and Imp. Luzborough.

Richard R. Haile.	John Desmont.
C. C. S. Farrar.	C. C. S. Farrar.
Fergus Duplantier.	

[m19-1t]

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

THIS Institution, formerly of Courtlandt-street, will be re-opened for the reception of pupils on the first of May next, at 258 Spring-street, near Hudson. Arrangements have been made for persons coming from the country, and others that choose it, to board at the Institute, and thus be constantly under the superintendence of the Principal. The system taught will be the same as practised by the subscriber for the last five years, with such complete success. Hundreds of persons in this city and the adjoining country, have experienced its benefits, and testified to its complete efficacy in curing the worst of stammerers. Pupils will be received from five years old to forty, and a cure in all cases guaranteed, or the money will be refunded.

Terms, from $25 to $100, (the indigent cured gratis). For further information apply to the subscriber at the Institute, if by letter, post paid.

Circulars can be had, by applying as above, containing certificates of cures, recommendations, &c. HENRY WELLS, *Principal.*

New York, April, 1838

CHEAP MUSIC.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 BROADWAY, New-York,—where may always be obtained a large and valuable assortment of music, musical instruments, and musical merchandise of every variety, and of the first quality.

New and fashionable music, also standard publications of old and valuable music, gamots, and instruction books, church music, and music for the flute, &c.

Music bound in superior style, with spring backs.

The subscriber respectfully informs the public, that having made arrangements with the manufacturer, he will be constantly supplied with PIANO FORTES of every description, which, for superiority of touch, richness of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the country.

Great attention will be given to orders for Piano Forte tunings, both as regards the manner of tuning, and the punctuality of executing orders.

The stock of music merchandise is very extensive, embracing every article appertaining to music, both of European and American manufacture. [m5]

STALLIONS FOR 1838.

ALEXANDER, by Pacolet, out of Jenny Ribond by Doublehead—at Dr. John D. Winston & Co.'s stable, Columbia, Ky., at $30, and $40 to insure.

BERNERS' COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam by Juniper, will stand at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $80 the season.

BAREFOOT, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Rosamond by Buzzard, will stand at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., at $50, and $75 to insure.

BIRMINGHAM, by Stockholder, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant—at Maj. B. Luckett's stable, Franklin Co., Ky., at $50.

BRAVO, by Waxey, dam by Imp. Buzzard—at Birch & Shirley's stable, Elizabethtown, Ky. at $25, and $30 to insure.

BERTRAND Jr., will stand the present season at H. Dalby's stable, Augusta Ga., at $60 the season.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia by Gohanna—at Fairfield race course, Va. at $75 and $125.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, will stand at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $70 the season.

CHATEAU MARGAUX, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Wasp by Gohanna, will stand at the stables of Alexander Carter, at Mount Meigs, Ala., at $100.

CHESTERFIELD, by Pacific, dam by Wilkes' Madison—at A. T. Nolan's stable, 4 miles east of Franklin, Tenn., at $30 the season.

CHARLES KEMBLE, by Sir Archy, out of Pilot's dam by Gallatin—in the vicinity of Lancaster, Pa.

COLLINGWOOD stands at Carrolton, Carrol County, Arks.

DAGHEE, *Imported*, by Muley, out of Fatima—at the stable of Jas. Bathgate, Esq., in the village of West Farms, 12 miles from the City of New York, at $40—$60 to insure.

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (Picton's dam) by Sir Archie, will stand at the Kendall Course, near Baltimore, at $30 the season, and $50 to insure.

EMANCIPATION, *Imported*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, will stand at Col. Hampton's Woodlands Estate, below Columbia, S. C., at $75 the season and $120 to insure.

FLEXIBLE, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Themus by Sorcerer, will stand at the stable of Capt. Edward H. Carter, at Wilton, Granville County, N. G.

FRANCIS MARION, by Marion, out of Malvina by Old Sir Archy—at the stable of James J. Pittman, Marianna, Florida, at $50, payable 1st Dec. next.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, will stand at Jas. Jackson's stables, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

GILES SCROGGINS, by Sir Archy, out of Lady Bedford by Imp. Bedford—at Jilson Yates & Co.'s stable, Shelbyville, Ky., at $30, and $40 to insure.

GOVERNOR BURTON, by Mons. Tonson, out of Lady Burton—at Rutherfordton and Morganton, N. C., at $20, and $30 to insure.

HICKORY JOHN, by John Richards, out of Kitty Hickory by Hickory, will stand at Lagrange, Troup Co., Georgia. Particulars in due time. ALBERT A. JETER.

HIAZIM, by Sir Archie, out of Jenny (the dam of Polly Hopkins) by Imp. Archduke—at John Scott's stable, Cynthiana, Harrison Co., Ky.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, will stand at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

JACKSON, by John Richards, out of Honesty by Imp. Expedition—at Pendleton and Greenville, S. C., at $20 for half-blood, and $30 for blood mares; $50 to insure.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, will stand at the stable of Col. George Elliot, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

LITTLE TURTLE, by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Florizel, grandam by Eclipse, (Buford's) will stand at Grass Hills, Gallatin Co., Ky., at $20. The best kind of grasses gratis.

LUZBOROUGH, *Imported*, will stand at Oaks, Limestone County, Ala., the residence of Dr. A. Whitlocke, at $100—$120 at the end of the year—$200 insurance—$1 to the groom.

MINGO, by American Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, will stand at Cooper's Ferry, opposite Philadelphia, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

MERMAN, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Mermaid by Orville, will stand at McMinnville Tenn., under the care of Alex. Black, at $60, $100 to insure, and $1 to the groom.

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by American Eclipse, out of Honesty by Imp. Expedition—at Joseph H. Van Mater's stable, Monmouth County, N. J., at $40 to insure.

MONMOUTH, by John Richards, out of Young Nettletop by Duroc—at Bason Spring, Breckenridge, Ky., at $30

PHILIP, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure by Camillus, will stand at Thomas A. Pankey's stable, at Franklin, Williamson Co., Tenn., at $100 the season—$1 to groom

PENNOYER, by Henry, out of the celebrated mare Ariel, will stand at Augusta, Ga., at $50 the season. JOHN MORRISON.

POST BOY, by Henry, out of Garland by Duroc—at the stable of James Holmes, Murfreesboro', Tenn., at $100.

ROWTON, *Imported*, by Oiseau, out of Katharina by Woful, will stand at the stable of Dr. Merritt, near Hicksford, Va.

ROBIN HOOD, by Henry, dam by Hickory, will stand in the town of Pulaski, Tenn., under the care of Jesse Luton, at $40 and $60.

RATTLER will stand at the farm of G. W. Parker, two miles north of Gallatin, Tenn., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

SHARK, by American Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy—at Charlotte Courthouse, Va., at $60 and $100.

SKYLARK, *Imported*, by Waxy Pope, out of Skylark by Musician, will stand at the stables of L. P. Cheatham, 2 miles from Nashville, Tenn., at $100, $125 to insure, $1 to the groom.

ST. GILES, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Ascot Lass by Ardrossan, will stand at the stable of James Jackson, near Florence, Ala., at $60, and $1 to the groom.

SENATOR, by Bertrand, out of Princess by Pacolet—at the stable of Dr. J. D. Winston & Lewis Sherley, Burksville, Ky., at $30, and $40 to insure.

STAFFORD, *Imported*, by Memnon, dam by Piscator, grandam by Sir Peter—at the Plantation of J. Wright, near Cheraw, S. C.—[*]

SWISS, *Imported*, by Whisker, out of Shuttlemore—at Judge Thompson's stable, near Salem, Livingston County, Ky., at $50 and $100.

STOCKHOLDER, by Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen—at Hopkinsville, Christian County, Ky. at $50—$75 to insure—$1 to the groom.

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, will stand at Parker E. Todhunter's, Esq. Jassamine Co., Ky., at $100. Mares kept during the season free of charge.

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, will stand at the stable of John R. Snediker, near the Union Course, L. I.

WOODPECKER, by Bertrand, out of Eliza by Imp. Bedford—at the farm of John Cunningham, Bourbon County, Ky., at $50.

ZINGANEE, (Garrison's), by Sir Archy, out of Atalanta by Imp. Chance—at Dr. J. C. Gibson's farm, near Culpeper Court House, Va.

NEW VOLUME FOR 1838.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

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WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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